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Lyrics of Love



LYRICS & LOVE

OF HEARTH
AND HOME

FIELD
AND GARDEN

by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
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LYRICS LOVE

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3 REARTH HOME

THE CAXTON PRESS
NEW YORK.

LYNGS LOVE

 T_{o}

DELLEZARDEN ---

LEILA SEWARD GLEASON

with affectionate regard



Foreword

ANY of the verses in this volume appear for the first time. She who writes dares to hope that you, the Gentle Reader, will let them slip into the midst of your busy mornings and quiet evenings with a message of comfort and cheer. They are songs of the nest and the home, songs of the way and the inn, songs of love and fidelity and the eternal peace.

The Gentle Reader is not supposed to be a rigid critic, nor to ask a symphony when one plays only a slender pipe. If these lyrics shall add a thread of melody to the toiling, dusty, monotonous way, which, after all, is the way that leads us home, the author will be content.

It is of the Father's goodness that we have fields and gardens in which to gather flowers,

TELD-CARDEN

that brooks murmur and rivers flow, making green the pasture lands of life, and that, when all else is said, our most abiding interests are ever in the home. These home verses are for home folk, God bless them. LYNICS-TOVE

Thanks for kind consent to include in this collection poems which originally were published in periodicals are due to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, "The Congregationalist," Will Carleton's "Everywhere," "The Youth's Companion," "Outlook," "Independent," "Woman's Home Companion," "Christian Intelligencer," "Lippincott's Magazine," and "Scribner's Magazine."

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T HEARTH-HOME

MILLDA GARDEN

LINCS LOVE

HEARTH AND HOME





The Ingle-Nook

TILL grappling us by hooks of steel,

How wide so e'er we roam,

The old loves hold us, warm and leal,

We're never far from home.

In every year, the earliest years
Their dearest strains repeat,
The spring-tide gleam of smiles and tears
Arcs all our cold and heat.

The prayer we learned in childhood's day
Is aye our evening prayer;
To Him Who blessed our morning way
We take our noonday's care.

The mother's kiss we ever keep,
The father's steadfast look;
Our happiest sheaf of love we reap
Close by the ingle-nook.

Though far we roam, our hearts abide
Till all their tale is told,
Hard by the beaten highway side
Where stands the old home fold.



Silent Friends

WARE I am in quiet hours

Of dear ones whom I cannot see;

They come when weariness is mine,

And strengthen me.

The low mood presses me with pain;
I grieve, and am dissatisfied;
When swift an angel ministrant
Is by my side.

As if a tender hand were laid
In soothing on the aching place,
I feel relief and rise restored,
Yet see no face.

As if a heavenly strain should smite Earth's discords, blending them in tone, The harsh notes cease, the music wakes, Yet sound is none.

But rifting folds of gathering gloom
Is radiance of the evening star;
And some have found the way to me
Through gates ajar.



A Gey Auld Wife

LITTLE old woman with soundless shoon

And a heart as hard as flint;
In the light of the sun and the glint of the moon
Her locks are white as lint.

She mocketh youth and she flouteth love,
For a gey auld wife is she,
And the sands beneath and the stars above
Were new in her memory.

She touches the rose and it falls apart,
The stone and it crumbles away,
But never a tear to her eye shall start,
This spirit of yesterday.

For this little old woman the Sphinx beheld When the dawn of the world was bright, This little old woman, who came from eld, Ere the Lord made day and night.

She creepeth about in her soundless shoon,
She singeth a dreary rhyme,
And the nations drowse to her eerie rune,
For the gey auld wife is Time.



The Average Man

HEN it comes to a question of trusting
Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence, All mingling in shadow and shine, We may count on the every-day hero, Whom haply the gods may divine,



But who wears the swart grime of his calling,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,
The commonplace average man.

My Little Sweetheart

VE a loyal little sweetheart; though the world should turn from me, She would only cling the closer, and my happy comrade be.

When I face the world's rough weather, I am sure of a retreat

By my own bright chimney-corner with my darling at my feet.

Lifting up her pure white blossom of a child's unclouded face.

Lighting with her blue eyes shining every hard and lonely place.

I've a loyal little sweetheart, and her years that count but three

Are worth more than gems and gold, for this true heart believes in me.

The Joy of Coming Home

HERE'S joy in sailing outward,
Though we leave upon the pier,
With faces grieved and wistful,
Our very dearest dear;

Though the sea shall roll between us
For perhaps a whole round year.

There's joy in climbing mountains,
In fording rushing brooks,
In peering into places
We've read about in books,
In meeting stranger people
With unfamiliar looks.

But the joy of joys is ours
Untouched by any pain,
When we take the home-bound steamer
And catch the home-bound train;
There's nothing half so pleasant
As coming home again.



My Friend

UNGER that ached and famine that craved;

Courage the face of the foe that braved;

Sorrow that fainted, and shame that blushed; Silence the bitter complaint that hushed—What do they matter? The world goes by. We still have each other, my friend and I. We yet have each other, on sea or shore. Can mortal desire a joy the more?

Impotent

These things, too mighty for man they be:
The unleashed flame, and the unchained sea;
The furious wind that masterless flies,
And the mocking light of rainless skies.
O pale horse, stalking far abroad,
Teach man the little, to call on God.



When Sorrow Came

HEN Sorrow came, I did not look
For any visitor that day,
But in beside the ingle nook
She slipped in calm, familiar way,
As one, a dear and privileged guest,
Who pushes wide a door ajar,
And, seeking only friendly rest,
Sits down where all the kindred are.

And first surprised, I scarcely knew
A word to greet the stranger face;
There crept a numbing shadow through
The brightness of my dwelling place.
So dumb her lips, so veiled her eyes,
So chill the hand in mine she laid,
The sunshine vanished from the skies,
And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But Sorrow stayed, until I heard
In that hushed silence round her drawn,
Voices more sweet than song of bird,
The tender tones of loved ones gone.



And floating from the silvern shore,
Whereon the ransomed walk serene,
Came wafts of fragrance blown before
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfigured, Sorrow turned;
Her look was wonderful to see.
My very soul within me burned,
For Love in sorrow died for me.
And Love appoints my sorrow still,
And sacramental cups are poured
Where I and Sorrow, if God will,
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.

Faith

God knows, not I, the reason why

His winds of storm drive through my door;
I am content to live or die

Just knowing this, nor knowing more.

My Father's hand appointing me

My days and ways, so I am free.



Early Sabbath Morning

N dear old days up country,
Before I went from home,
Oh, very sweet and saintly
Did the Sabbath morning come,
With footsteps hushed and quiet,
Whatever breeze might blow;
And I'd hear father singing
As he walked to and fro.

The fragment of a hymn-tune
In tender lilting air
Would early as the dawn-light
Come floating up the stair,
Now martial and triumphant,
Now soft and sighing low,
But I'd know 'twas father singing
As he walked to and fro.

And in the darkened parlor,
Where he had knelt to pray,
And crave for us a blessing
At the very break of day,



I'd hear his dear voice lifted
From his pure heart aglow,
And it hallowed Sabbath morning,
As he walked to and fro.

Long years have passed since father
Sang in those quiet hours;
He's found the happy country
And the fields of fadeless flowers,
But still on Sabbath mornings,
I wake, and soft and low,
I yet can hear him singing
As he walks to and fro.

Little Sister

Of mother's brood, but one
May stand before the Throne
With sweet child looks unworn
As pure as babe new born;
The little one who went to God
Ere earthly streets her steps had trod.



The Absent Boy

HEY miss him in the orchard where the fruit is sunning over,

And in the meadow where the air is sweet with new-mown hay,

And all about the old farm which knew him for a lover,

From the early seedtime onward till the crops were stored away.

They miss him in the village where nothing went without him,

Where to-day the young folks' parties are dull and incomplete.

They cannot just explain it, there was such a charm about him,

The drop of cheer he always brought made common daylight sweet.

And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for the nation.

He's charging with the others, a lad in army blue.



His name is little known yet, but there's an upland station,

Where all are sure you'll hear it before the war is through.

And when you talk of battles, and scan the printed column,

His regiment's the one they seek, his neighbors think and care;

The more they do not speak of it, their look grows grave and solemn,

For somewhere in the thick of strife, they know, their boy is there.

Beloved—A Secret

You and I, Darling, just you and I!

Never weary of each other, under any sky;

You and I, beloved, only, and we're never dull

or lonely,

As we talk, or we are silent, and the day goes drifting by.



The Price We Pay

By gold and silver and lives of men.
In travail of soul her gifts are sought,
In perilous marches by moor and fen,
By desolate reaches of lonely years,
By the slow, salt droppings of widows' tears.

Ever for freedom the price is great,
And paid must be to the utmost coin.
Who serves at her altars serves the state
With beat of heart and with ache of loin—
Nay, and at need to make men free
Are men bond-slaves for liberty!

Yet who would hold his dearest back
And who would count his loss but gain
When, conquering, white on her upward track,
Stern freedom comes to break the chain,
To fight earth's darkness, to light earth's gloom,
To make earth's desert places bloom?



In cold and nakedness and thirst,
In heat and fever and wounds and strife,
We bid her foemen do their worst,
For freedom is heaven; freedom, life;
Whatever the price, that price we'll pay,
And God be thanked for the dawn of day!

To You and Me

HIS is to you as any other day?

Rose dawn, white noon, and evening lit with stars,

And in high heaven a glimpse of golden bars, Let down for those who shall go home that way.

To me this is a day so set apart

By memory and sorrow that I sit

With eyes that brim at the mere thought of it,

And all the loneliness it brought my heart.



After Long Years

EAR, whom I would not know

If I passed you on the street,

So long and long ago

Are the days when we used to meet.

You may be glad to hear
That somewhere out of the blue
Come vague sweet dreams that bring you near,
That I often think of you.

That now and then I thrill
At a rustle in the dark;
That I start as the wind sweeps over the hill,
As I see the fire-fly's spark.

Somebody stepped on my grave?

Or somebody slipped out of yours?

I cannot tell! There are ghosts that crave

A bit of the love that endures.



The Wizard Love

OVE stooped to one who captive lay, Fettered and prone, and broke the bars,

And led him to the dawning day, The waning stars.

Love found upon the battle's edge
A coward fleeing from the strife,
And sent him back, his heart in pledge,
Valiant through life.

Love touched dumb lips that could not pray, And lo! they uttered prayer and song. Love hath so subtle, sweet a way, Love is so strong.

That come he with an angel's face,
Or come he with a flaming sword,
With whom he makes his dwelling-place
Is heaven poured.



The Heroine

ER raiment changes with the fleeting fashions

Of years that pass, but she abides in sooth

Unchanged, the star and shrine of human passions,

Or wise and old, or sweet in flowerlike youth.

Naomi she, the veiled and bent with sorrows, Or clear-eyed Ruth, or Dido famed and fair, Helen the beautiful, of dim to-morrows, Or sad Elaine, slain by her love's despair.

She trails her soundless garments down the ages,

A vision and a dream, or rustling steals

Past trembling arras in those haunted pages

Where man forever strives and woman kneels.

Our modern books and pictures often show her Serene and college-bred and trimly gowned, But able yet to make for all who know her This queer old world one vast enchanted ground.



To bind and loose, this still remains her mission,
To loose and bind—whatever be her name,
Her date, from Homer down, or her condition,
The heroine herself abides the same.

An Experience



NE came and told me suddenly,
"Your friend is dead! Last year
she went;"

But many years my friend had spent In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,
And walked as if by soft winds fanned,
Had felt the touching of her hand,
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead Meant rather being free to live, And free to seek me, free to give, And so my heart was comforted.



A Little Vagabond

"OW who may this be?" I questioned,
As the door was pushed ajar,
And a wee bit laddie entered,
With a face as bright as a star.

He doffed his hat till its feather
Swept down to the very floor,
And he laughed, as I crossly bade him
Make haste and shut the door.

"Oh! I always leave it open
The least little crack," he said,
With a touch of his hand on my shoulder
And a toss of his curly head.

"For though I am swift in coming,
I am sometimes swift to go;
As light as an airy bubble
I am floating to and fro.



"For I am a vagabond, lady,
And you surely know my name,
In golden letters, Cupid
Is writ on the scroll of Fame.

"And here I bow, dear lady, And prithee, take for mine The heart I haste to offer, And be my valentine."

A vagabond lover, surely,
For the wind blew fast the door;
And nothing was left of Cupid
But his shadow on the floor.

Sunrise

Though the midnight found us weary,
The morning brings us cheer;
Thank God for every sunrise
In the circuit of the year.



On Christmas Eve

ELL, wife, we are here at Joey's, and
I'm bound to admit it's fine,
With the cyarpets an' the cyurtains,
an' the fol-de-rols about,

And Joey's wife is a lady, as I've always said is mine,

But, if 'twan't for Christmas comin', why you and I'd lit out.

Fact is, I'm not at home, dear, with such tomfoolish style,

Hull shops o' silver-ware displayed on the table every day,

And a waiter that creeps behind you soft, an' never cracks a smile,

But looks as solemn as Parson Brown, no matter what folks say.

Joey, he's made his pile, dear, and Joey, he's made his mark,

He's keen and smart and clever; I'm not ashamed of Joe.

I DEARTH HOME

But here, as we sit together, just you and I and the dark,

My thoughts will keep a-strayin' to the days of long ago.

You've not forgotten it, Nancy, that winter of '65,

And our cabin under the mountain, and the long war over at last;

And you and I so happy, we two, to be safe and alive,

Joy and gladness before us, partin' and sufferin' past.

And Joey, rosy and dimpled, and climbin' into the bed.

The crib too small to suit him, an' didn't he shout and sing!

All the gold we had, wife, was the gold on our baby's head,

And the slender thread of gold, dear, that shone in your wedding ring.

And, came the bitter nights, dear, I wrapped him close and warm,

3

In my old blue army coat, wife, that hugged him to its breast;

Many a time I'd worn it, on picket, out in the storm,

But it made my boy a shelter, cosey and snug as a nest.

We never had money to spend, dear, except in nickels and dimes,

Money came slow, and careful; careful we watched it go;

But Christmas for Joey brought us the best of all the good times,

With his stocking hung in the chimney, a-bulgin' from top to toe.

You know the truck we skimped for, an' the things we did without,

That the boy should have the playthings, what not, and the picture-books;

He lotted the most on books, dear, and there wasn't a lad about

Could touch our lad on fractions from the day he made pot-hooks.



Then the years went by on skates, wife, the way our young years do,

Joey was big and bearded, Joey was out of our sight,

Joey belonged to the world, dear, first thing the old folks knew,

And we were alone in the world, dear, while slowly our heads grew white.

He's been a good son to us, there is no denying that,

And he's often wanted us Christmas; but we were too shy to stay

In his big fine Avenue house, dear, and I tell you I'd give my hat

To be out of it now, my Nancy, and at home in the plain old way.

If Joey had chick or child, dear, a baby to prattle and cry,

We'd both be more at home here; what's Christmas without a child?



And Joey's wife is a lady, and I sometimes wonder why

The lonesome look in her face, dear, is never quite beguiled

By the splendor and the show, dear, the rich fine life she lives

In this big place, so dreary; not like that cabin of ours,

When hand in hand we worked, dear, and the honest joy work gives

Sprang up in our humble path, wife, in dear old-fashioned flowers.

In Grandmother's Corner

In grandmother's corner the sunshine stays Golden and bright in the gloomiest days. In grandmother's sweet benignant face There's a lightsome look for the loneliest place.

And I think the flowers are glad to bloom In one dear little window of grandmother's room.



Indoors at Night

As the sleet and snow go driving past;
There's a strife in the old trees racked and bent,

The clouds hang low o'er the firmament, But the household gathers safe and warm, Folded close from the freezing storm; The lamp is lighted, the hearth is bright, And the dear ones are cozy indoors at night.

And when shutters are closed and curtains drawn,

And the toiling hours of the day are gone,
Sweet words are spoken, good-nights are said
To the wee ones tucked in the little bed,
(God's grace watch over each curly head!)
Then with book and talk and on the tongue
The song we've loved since we were young,
We fill the hours with love's delight,
Cozy and happy indoors at night.



Our Flag

When first its colors cleft the air;
And sturdily they held it up,
And stubbornly they held it where
Against the little nation came
The children of an older fame.

To-day the thronging millions troop
Where floats that standard in their view;
And far and wide they roam, who love
Its gallant red and white and blue.
And if beneath an alien sky
They catch its gleam, their hearts reply.

It waves from village spire and roof,
It flutters from the school-house peak;
The little ones of many lands
Beneath its folds, one language speak,
And evermore its clustered stars
Are pledge of broken prison bars.

HEARTH HOME

Oh, flag beloved, forever dear!
Oh, flag unstained by sordid deeds!
Wide spread thy folds and gather safe
The men of various warring creeds,
Of diverse race, of separate blood,
To thee who crowd o'er field and flood.

Thine be the symbol of a love
As wide as man, as deep as God.
Thine be the tenderness and strength
To bless the new world's virgin sod;
And ours, dear flag, the joy to stand
Beneath thee, loyal to our land.

Courage

True courage may not waver
Though the cheek is blanched and pale.
Above the faltering heart-beat
It cries, We shall not fail!
Around the trembling impulse
It folds a coat of mail.



A Wedding

HEN Phyllis weds with Cleon, the village folk are gay,

And up the street and down again we all keep holiday.

We leave the shop and leave the house, to church with her we go,

For Phyllis is our dearest dear, beloved of high and low.

From sunbonnet to wedding-veil the prettiest maid in town,

And all the town must praise her, in her fleecewhite wedding-gown.

When Phyllis weds with Cleon, the organ softly blends

Its mellow, muffled music with the thoughts of all her friends.

The children scatter flowers, and the flowers are everywhere—

On chancel-rail, on desk, on font, and on the pulpit-stair;

HEASTH-HOME

Her blossom-face will match their bloom, so sweet a flower is she,

Our little village maid who wears her beauty royally.

When Phyllis weds with Cleon, my lady to my lord

Comes very grave and modestly and of her own accord.

Her mother walks in queenly state, the bride looks meekly down,

Her violet eyes just scan the hem of her fair broidered gown.

Her father gives the bride away, yet fain would keep her, too;

His idol since her tiny foot first stepped in satin shoe.

The sacred vows are pledged, the rite is o'er, two lives are one;

The golden years stretch onward hence, what reck they, shade or sun,



These happy hearts—God keep them, and grant that from this hour

No evil thing or deadly may on their lives have power.

For youth is youth, and love is love, and like with like must wed;

And Cleon wins his Phyllis still, and shall till Time has sped;

And heaven bless the leal and true, and grant to love its own,

And ever happy keep the bride on whom the sun hath shone.

At the Front

OT the soldiers only are at the front to-day,

Not alone the boys in blue who face the stubborn foe.

In the tent and in the charge and on the weary way

There are unseen sentinels who watch with eyes aglow.



Mothers who have sent their sons to battle for the right,

Wives and sweethearts, all day long, whose throbbing hearts are there,

A host of loyal loving ones who help the gallant fight

By beating at the throne of God with never ceasing prayer.

These may not thread the jungle nor storm the frowning hill,

They stand not in the rifle-pit, they man no sullen gun,

But they are with the army and with strength their pulses thrill,

And theirs will be the victor's part when once the strife is done.

Standing for the old flag, standing firm for God, Standing for humanity, they meet the battle's brunt,

These women who, for heartache, scarce can see the path they've trod

Since they kissed the lads they love so dear and sent them to the front.



Never More

ARTH, knowing not eld, in thy youth all divine,

Though the ages unceasing are evermore thine,

Once more be birth-thrilled, until forth from thy womb

Throng the myriad forms of the world's waking bloom.

For the sweet o' the year, great Earth-mother, is here,

And lo! on the uplands the flowers appear,
And blithe is the wing, and the song it is glad,
And our yearning hearts only are heavy and
sad.

Earth, mother undying, thy tender arms keep So safe in thy bosom the dear things asleep, So strong is thy pulse-beat to bid them again Know battle and conquest, and hunger and pain.



The insistence of growth, the fair crown of the leaf,

The fruit in its ripeness, the rich bending sheaf—

Earth, this thou canst do, yet our dearer loves go,

And return not again from their beds hollowed low.

Our hearts are nigh breaking with bliss and with dole;

In the midst of the rapture, how lonely the soul!

Comes the bird to the green bough, the bud to the tree,

But not from the darkness my darlings to me.

Embers

One remembers in the embers

How the red flame's heart would glow,
In those golden-crowned Decembers

Of the merry long ago.



A Finished Page

HEN the last word is written,
And the final word is said;
When the last pang is over,
And you sit beside the dead,
With your heart dumb and smitten,
As you watch by her bed;

You'd give the whole world, then,
For just one chance more
To say "Dear, I love you";
To tell her o'er and o'er
That her look was a blessing
When she stood by the door.

That you never meant to hurt her;
That deep down in your soul
There was truth to her, turning
As the needle to the pole;
That without her, life was empty,
And with her, it was whole.

HEALTH HOME

But you let the days drift onward,

Till there came the last day;

And she was called to Heaven,

And you had here to stay;

And you're wrapt in numb silence;

For there's naught left to say.

Since the final word is written,
And the final word is said,
And you're sitting, dumb and smitten,
Close by your darling's bed,
And your darling lies there sleeping—
Fast asleep: for she is dead.

Yet, it may be that she's nearer
Than she ever was before;
That her white robe trails along the
Darkness of the shadowy floor;
That her swift forgiveness waits you,
Just beyond death's iron door.

When Daddy Lights the Tree

E have our share of ups and downs,
Our cares like other folk;
The pocketbook is sometimes full,
We're sometimes well nigh broke;
But once a year, at Christmas-time,
Our hearth is bright to see;
The baby's hand just touches heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

For weeks and weeks the little ones
Have lotted on this hour;
And mother, she has planned for it
Since summer's sun and shower.
With here a nickel, there a dime,
Put by where none should see,
A loving hoard against the night
When Daddy lights the tree.

The tiny tapers glow like stars;
They mind us of the flame
That rifted once the steel-blue sky
The morn the Christ-child came;

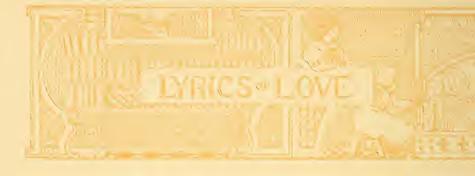


The blessed angels sang to earth
Above that far countree—
We think they sing above our hearth
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest kid in mother's arms
Laughs out and claps her hands,
The rest of us on tiptoe wait;
The grown-up brother stands
Where he can reach the topmost branch,
Our Santa Claus to be,
In that sweet hour of breathless joy
When Daddy lights the tree.

Our grandpa says 'twas just as fine
In days when he was young;
For every Christmas ages through
The happy bells have rung.
And Daddy's head is growing gray,
But yet a boy is he,
As merry as the rest of us
When Daddy lights the tree.

4



'Tis Love that makes the world go round,
'Tis Love that lightens toil,
'Tis Love that lays up treasure which
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;
And Love is in our humble home,
In largesse full and free,
We all are very close to heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

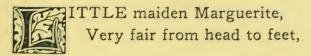
We pray that little orphaned ones
May have some share of bliss,
Nor when the Yule-tide fires burn
Their bit of gladness miss;
From our rich store we're fain to send
Where'er such children be
A present as from friend to friend
When Daddy lights the tree.

In the Rain

Steadily the rain is falling,
In the sky no blue appears;
But the sun is just behind the
Prism of those crystal tears.



To a Little Maiden



Do you wish the birthdays came Twice a year, to crown your name?

Do you think the years are long While the many lessons throng?

I have learned to count the days, Not by meed of blame or praise;

Not by pleasant gift or grace Shining in a birthday's face;

But by little duties done Patiently, and one by one.

Patiently, from sun to sun, Little bits of task-work done.

So must you, my Marguerite, Golden head, and dancing feet.



Immortal

NCE we have loved we never lose.

That is not love which can forget;

Through loss and loneliness and

grief

This gem is as its coronet, That true love never can forget.

That is not faith which drops its hold.

Once we have trusted, in our clasp

Forever lies life's changeless gold,

Nor withers in our loosened grasp;

True faith through all time keeps its clasp.

Once we have loved we cannot lose. Who loves must trust and cannot choose.

The Returning

HEY march behind their tattered flag,
Our very heart it charms,

But spent and slow their footsteps lag,
The weary men-at-arms.

HEARTH HOME

With gallant haste they stormed the hill,
And dared the deadly fray;
They had no lack of nerve or will
In battle's fearful day.

Though bullets swept their thinning ranks,
They did not pale with dread.
To-day they smile and utter thanks
Above that roll of dead.

A subtler foe, a wilier craft,

Has mowed them since the fight;

A bitter cup their lips have quaffed—

Fever, and cold, and fright,

And famine, ghastly enemies,

Have had them for their prey.

Well may they lag behind the flag,

Our men-at-arms this day.

And home returned, the brilliant skies
Grow dark to us who see,
Through tears that blur our pitying eyes,
How cruel war can be.



The Little Waves

HE little waves are feathering and rippling from the oar,

Our boat is gliding fast away from yonder curving shore;

The great waves call the little waves, but far their booming cry,

And there is nought to break the peace of tranquil lake and sky.

Yet kin is every tiny wave, with those vast seas that gird

The globe in bonds of loneliness, that know not leaf or bird,

And every rainbow drop belongs to that tremendous tide

Which sends its outmost billows forth upon earth's farthest side.

And every wave that seeks the shore, helps light some household lamp;

The ocean and the land are wed; the stars above encamp



And watch them both, and evermore God sets them mete and bound;

His are the watery wastes and His the firm and solid ground.

Midnight

OD help the homeless ones who lack this night

A roof for shelter and a couch for sleep;

God help the sailormen who long for light As restlessly they toss upon the deep.

God keep the orphaned children who are left Unmothered in this world of chill and dole; God keep the widowed hearts, of joy bereft; God make all weary broken spirits whole.

Dark broods the midnight over sea and land, No star illumes the blackness of the sky. But safe as nested birds within Thy hand,

God of our fathers, we Thy children lie.

LVRICS LOVE

Holy Days and Happy Days

ARKED with a white stone

Days of joy and brightness!

Hours that went with dancing

feet

Like tripping tunes for lightness.

Days that wear the bloom of May

And waft the sweet of roses;

Even when they've lost themselves

In mists the past encloses.

One, the day that dawned in grace
And set in shining splendor,
The day the maiden gave herself
In love's benign surrender,
To him who won her girlish troth,
Fulfilled her fair ideal,
And pledged himself to make for her
The loveliest dreams come real.

Another, silver sweet with bells

That chime for very gladness;

No room in this clear wedding peal

For trembling note of sadness,

HEARTHY HOME

To-day, let wan care hide his brow
And grief for now be idle,
Since only white-robed bliss attends the
Maiden at her bridal.

Oh, holiest, purest day of all
When from the gulf of anguish,
When life itself had seemed to ebb,
The mother-life to languish,
The pearl of the new life was snatched,
The baby lay beside her,
And unseen angels bending near, sang
Softly, Heaven betide her!

Not these alone, the holiest days!
Some days we keep in stillness
And thankfulness for grace that gave
The thrill of health, for illness;
Days when we proved that human love
Is never doled by measure,
And so to gauge the Love Divine,
Could wait the Lord's good pleasure.



Then, too, are days that saw us helped
To triumph o'er temptation,
When through resistance came to us
A new and great salvation.
Our holy days, our happy days,
In God's book they are shining;
The very darkest of them all,
God gave a silver lining.

As Women Know

OVE may be joy unspeakable, and love
May be a woe too deep for moans
and tears;

Love may be chrism of blessing poured above The quiet days of uneventful years,

And love may sometimes be, just patience, spent

In trying how to find and keep content. Whate'er it be, true love is crown or cross, Infinite gain, or woe of bitterest loss.



In the Attic

OW, climb the attic stairs with me; In dim mysterious places You'll find a heap of things to see:

Old baubles, yellow laces, And faded flowers that memory Can match with faded faces.

Old letters, brown and ribbon-tied,
Which once were thrilled with passion
That stilted phrases could not hide,
Though couched in formal fashion.
One vaguely feels a rock of pride
For those great waves to dash on.

And here are dainty satin shoes
That used to tread a measure
So gaily, ere time made them lose
The trick of careless pleasure.
Poor little lonesome satin shoes!
The attic's saddest treasure.



Norah

T was from green old Ireland that

Norah sailed away;

"May all the saints be good to her," the mother wept and prayed;

The kind priest blessed her as she went that weary cauld-rift day,

And little Norah on the ship was not a bit afraid.

And far across the rounding waves, that lifted mountains high,

The fearless little stranger came, and naught did her betide;

For God can guard His trusting ones, since God is in the sky,

And God is always in the world, though it be wondrous wide.

The lass that barefoot ran the fields and heaped the fire of peat,

Wears shoes upon her now, and steps around a stranger's hearth;



Her rosy face is paler, but her look is true and sweet,

And in her laugh there lingers yet green Erin's bubbling mirth.

She saves her wages, bless her, and sends them o'er the sea;

Till one by one, she brings them here, the brothers strong and tall;

She'll coax the dear old mother yet to cross the same rough sea,

With darling baby Bridget's head out peeping from her shawl.

With father here and mother, and the household band complete

Brave Norah will be happy, nor mourn for Erin's green.

She has a soldier's courage though her modest face is sweet

With something of the innocence in little children seen.



For the good priest's blessing follows her, and wheresoe'er she treads

The saints preserve her, this I know, and when she tells her beads,

Though she calls upon the angels, with their bowing flame-like heads,

'Tis Mary's Son who hears her prayers, and gives her what she needs.

Now and Then

HERE were hours when life was bitter

With the anguish of defeat,

When strange it seemed that anything Had ever tasted sweet.

And we scarce knew how to bear it, But One came o'er the wave,

And the peace He gave us with a word Then made us strong and brave. HEARTH-HODE

There are hours when work is pressing,
Just little homely work

That must be done, that we must do,
That it were shame to shirk,

And in those hours full often,
To crown the petty cares,

Has fallen upon the house a gleam
Of God's Heaven unawares.

So, for our hallowed hours

We find them, where our Lord

Has called us into service meet

For blessing and reward;

They are sometimes in the closet,

They are often in the mart,

And the Lord can make them anywhere,

His "desert place apart."

Peace

"My peace," the peace of the Lord Most High, The peace of the Master passing by. Be this in our home, by night, by day, Be this our joy if we go or stay.

If Christ Were Here To-night

F Christ were here to-night, and saw me tired,

And half afraid another step to take,

I think He'd know the thing my heart desired,

And ease that heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine,
That gathers up so many shadows dim,
I am quite sure its narrow space would shine.

I am quite sure its narrow space would shine, And kindle into glory around Him.

If Christ were here, I might not pray so long;
My prayer would have such little way to go;
'Twould break into a burst of happy song,
So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd touch the hem Of his fair, seamless robe, and stand complete In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.



If Christ were here to-night, I'd tell Him all
The load I carry for the ones I love—

The blinded ones, who grope and faint and fall, Following false guides, nor seeking Christ above.

If Christ were here! Ah, faithless soul and weak,

Is not the Master ever close to thee?

Deaf is thine ear, that canst not hear Him speak;

Dim is thine eye, His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here, and never far away;

He entered with thee when thou camest in; is strength was thine through all the busy

His strength was thine through all the busy day;

He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from sin.

Thy blessed Christ is in thy little room, Nay more, the Christ Himself is in thy heart;

Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom,

And heaven will be of thy rich life a part.

LYRICS LOVE

If the Lord Should Come

As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things

The little things and the quiet things

That a servant cannot shirk,

Though nobody ever sees them, And only the dear Lord cares

That they always are done in the light of the sun,

Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,

HEATTH HOME

And flowers in wonderful beauty,

And we fold our hands and rest,

Would his touch of my hand, his low command,

Bring me unhoped-for zest?

Why do I ask and question?

He is ever coming to me,

Morning and noon and evening,

If I have but eyes to see.

And the daily load grows lighter,

The daily cares grow sweet,

For the Master is near, the Master is here,

I have only to sit at His feet.

The common bread grows sacred
As the Master blesses and breaks;
And the water I drink is hallowed wine,
For the hand that was pierced takes,
And gives the cup, as I journey
Near each setting sun,
To the home where we all are going
Happily, one by one.



A Resurrection Song

ILL the day break, and till the shadows flee,

We watch and waken, Lord, we wait for Thee.

The tomb is sealed, the stone is at the door, The agony that laid Thee there is o'er.

Never again with linen pure and white
Our hands shall swathe Thee in the dead of
night.

Never again with sweet of spice and myrrh To wrap Thee round our loving grief shall stir.

The worst is done, the cross is over, now Thou liest kingly, with the thorn-scarred brow.

Closer we draw, we few who yet remain, The dearer for our common weight of pain.

Closer we draw and think of that strange cup Pressed to Thy lips, how Thou didst drink it up. HEARTH HOME

Closer we draw; the time drags heavily, Lord, Thy disciples are in need of Thee.

Lord, Thy disciples yet Thy presence crave, And Thou art bound and sleeping in the grave.

Yet, till the day break and the shadows flee, We wait and watch and waken, wanting Thee.

Lo! the dawn quickens in the pregnant East; Lo! Thou art here, our Prophet, King, and Priest.

The morning springs exultant! Christ is risen!
No bars for life in death's swift-shattered prison.

Lo! the day breaks, the shadows flee away; Lo! Christ is with us, even as we pray.

Lord, come, Lord Jesus! He is with us, here, Forever present and forever dear.



To One Gone Home

HE years have come, the years have gone,

The quiet, softly gliding years, With midnight melting into dawn,

With shimmering woof of smiles and tears, Since that white day the angels knew Was heaven's own birthday, sweet, for you!

The little children whom you left
Have grown to happy-hearted youth;
They hardly knew themselves bereft
So sheltered close by tenderest ruth,
When, doubly precious for your sake,
Our hearts for them were like to break.

I often feel that mother-watched
Have been their footsteps on life's way;
That doors for them have been unlatched,
That unseen love has been their stay,
Though, in our Father's gracious will,
Some other did your work fulfil.



And often is it clear to me

That here and there are not apart,

That somehow God's whole family

Have scarce the throbbing of one heart

To separate them; just a breath—

The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death.

Why should you not draw nigh to those
Who love you yet, who love you dear,
For whom your love yet means repose,
And faith and insight swift and clear?
You have but crossed the shining sea,
Where all our sails shall havened be.

To you, dear one, whose very tones
Still vibrate in your empty room,
To you, athwart whatever zones
For you are bright with fadeless bloom,
I send my whole heart's love to-day,
The day my darling went away.



The Star

NCE more it lights the midnight sky,
Once more it leads the way,
As in that time so long gone by,
To where the Saviour lay.

To where He lay, a little child Amid the fragrant hay, The pure, the sweet, the undefiled, That first fair Christmas day.

And, bending lowly at His feet,
There, swift to praise and pray,
And give Him homage as was meet,
The sages came that day.

And lowly shepherds worshipping, Found out the blessed way; The angels told them everything, All in the dawning gray. HEARTHIN HOME

Great star that stood above the place Where fair the young child lay, Still guide me till I see His face, Still lead me in the way.

Oh! burning was the wilderness,
And steep were crag and scaur,
But for the Wise Men as they went
The star shone bright before.

They did not loiter in the rush
Of early breaking dawn;
They pressed along through day and night,
The star yet led them on.

Perhaps they missed the angel song
Which simple shepherds heard—
The ear that listens for the lambs
And at their cry is stirred,

May hear what sages do not heed— But star or song, they came, Where Mary held her Little One, Whom God Himself did name.

The Little One, the Christ of God,
The child who came to save
Our race from sin and wretchedness,
To ransom from the grave.

Strong seraphim and cherubim
Yet sing on Christmas day,
For lo! the world is glad for him,
And men, howe'er they stray,

Are seeking ever for the song,
And for the star's clear ray.
And evermore their praises throng
About Him, in the way.

And old and young, and blithe and sad,
The rich and poor to-day,
Uplift the anthem and are glad
Where Christ the Saviour lay.

In this wild whirl of human life
There are who never know
How very close the angels come,
Nor see the heavens glow.



But ever on the Christmas morn
The gates are swung ajar,
And angels cry that Christ is born,
And out there slips the Star.

A Day's Wage

OVE wore a suit of hodden gray,
And toiled within the fields all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meagre fed and sorely lashed, The only wage Love ever asked,

A child's wan face to kiss at night, A woman's smile by candle light.

I Stand at the Door

Open to me, my beloved,

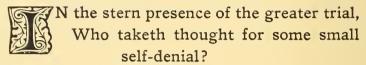
I stand at the door and knock;

It is thou that dost keep me waiting,

And thy coldness turns the lock.



Much Ado



When brooding clouds the precious home invest,

Who grieveth for some trivial unrest?

We are "too ready with our discontent,"
Too soon our store of quietness is spent.
We might win flowers where gathering thorns
and rue,

We, who o'er trifles make so much ado.

Stronger are they who wear as coat of mail The shield of faith, which vainly fears assail. Wiser are they who lift their eyes in prayer, And win the help that lightens daily care.

HCARTGE BOME

Te Deum Laudamus

And to turn him back;
For help in unseen perils
That thronged about our track;
For goodness never-ceasing,
For mercies ever new,
For the rainfall and the sunshine,
The starbeam and the dew,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For friends who stand around us,
For little children's love;
For the faith that never falters
In our best of Friends above;
For freedom in our borders,
For Thy word as free as air,
For many a blessing sent us,
For many an answered prayer,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.



The Wrong Turning

If, where the two roads met,

If there, that far-off day

Which never can our hearts forget,

We'd turned the other way;

If—sometimes of all words this seems

The saddest word to say!

A Thought



E Who died on Calvary,
Died to ransom you and me.

On the cross He bowed His head, In the grave He made His bed.

Ever since, the lilies bloom Round the portal of the tomb.

Ever since, o'er all our loss Shines the glory of the cross.

HEARTH-HOME

When First She Heard

HEN first she heard one say,
Unconscious of the dart,
"She's growing old, she's had
her day,"

There fell upon her heart

A weight as if of molten lead;

The tears were quick to start.

For though the thick brown hair
Was thin and touched with frost,
And though the cheek so fair
Had dimpled roundness lost,
Yet was the lady unaware
Of youth's bright border crost.

Her spirit felt so young,
Still dwelt such roseate grace
As evermore have poets sung
Within her dwelling place;
And little children round her clung
And loved her gentle face.

"Not old," in swift protest
She cried, then laughed to hear



A tender soul anear, that guessed Her pain, and soothed her fear: "You may be old, but you are best To me, and dearest, dear.

"By all the happy days,
By all the sorrows shared;
By all the steep and stony ways,
By all the truths declared,
The years that find us friend to friend
Not one could we have spared."

Ah! lads and lasses, slow

To dream the harm ye do,

This in your heedless hours, know

That women ever rue

The passing of the noon-tide glow,

The fading of the dew.

And speak it under breath,

That first keen thrusting word,

Which falls as chill as coming death,

Resented, swift as heard;—

Let folk grow old, not knowing it,

Their joy of life unstirred.



One of These Days

NE of these days they will all be over—
Sorrow and laughter, loss and gain,
Meetings and partings of friend and
lover,

Joy that was often tinged with pain.

One of these days shall our hands be folded, One of these days will the work be done; Finished the pattern our lives have molded, Ended our labor beneath the sun.

One of these days shall the heartache leave us, One of these days will the burden drop; Never again shall a hope deceive us, Never again shall our progress stop.

Freed from the blight of the vain endeavor,
Winged with the health of immortal life,
One of these days shall we quit forever
All that is vexing in earthly strife.

6 81



One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes now;
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,
Light of his peace shall adorn the brow.

Evermore blest out of tribulation,

Lifted to dwell in his sun-bright smile,

Happy to share in the great salvation,

Can we not patiently tarry a while?

At the Fort

HE soldiers are marching afar
In the pomp and splendor of war,
But some must tarry at home;
Eating their hearts with desire
For the rough, long road and the fight,
For the tent near the red camp-fire,
For the call in the gray dawn-light.
Tarry at home, when they fain would roam!

There's neither honor nor sport,
They say, in holding the fort,
There's neither glory nor fame.
They are wild for the thrill of the drums,



And they sit, just biting their thumbs;
They are here to look after the stuff,
Such warfare they count not enough,
Nor worthy of warfare in name.
Yet women, from childhood to age,
Sit aside as spectators, nor take
A hand in the game, nor engage
Beyond the dull yearning and ache
In the passionate life of the world.
They look from the casement and pray,
They hold the home fortress all day,
Under banners of patience unfurled,
And perhaps in God's heaven they are
Mustered in for the length of the war.

At the fort, at the front, so we serve,
What boots it? so duty is done,
So that never from orders we swerve,
So that somehow the good cause is won.
If we strive in the open, or wait
Till the enemy storm at our door;
If we stand, keeping closely the gate,
If we charge, with our captain before,
All is well, at the end of the day,
For the one who did heed and obey.



It Was Not Worth While

HEAP of loosened jewels,

A little puff of dust,

A sheaf of withered flowers,

A tinsel red with rust;

Some bitter brew of malice,
Some dregs of scorn and hate,
To poison life with venom,
Remorse that came too late—

For these you sold your birthright,
For these you proved untrue.
Poor soul, that bankrupt suffers,
Was it worth while to do?

Was it worth while to forfeit
Your pride, your stainless name;
Leave Ichabod the only
Dark legend yours to claim?

Behind his mask, the tempter
Surveys you with a smile,
And 'neath your faded flowers
You hear him hiss—worth while!



Naming the Baby

OW what shall we call her, the lily-white maid,

Now what is her name up in heaven? The name that the angels are whispering sweet As they watch her, with pinions that shadow their feet,

What name to our babe have they given?

Shall we choose the sweet title her forbears have worn

For ages? a Mary, a Margaret, ours
In the line of the saints, there are dear ones
who stand,

And here they were blessed of heart and of hand,

And their memory our little one dowers.

Or yet shall we christen her Gladys or Bess, Or Constance, or Eleanor, pray?

As we merely may guess at the name she brought here

We must give her another which love shall endear,

To last all earth's beautiful day.



And our Lord in His goodness will own her sweet name,

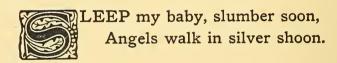
If we give Him our lily-white child,

And her earliest speech its petitions shall frame,

While our faith for our babe shall the covenant claim,

And Christ keep her, His own, undefiled.

A Cradle Croon



Sleep, my baby, far and wide Moonbeams gild the flowing tide.

Sleep, my baby, in the trees Leaves nod in the drowsy breeze.

Sleep, the little lambs and sheep Safe in fold the shepherds keep.



Sleep, the birds are in the nest Tucked beneath the mother's breast.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my dear, Sleep serene from any fear.

Night is given for you to float Off in slumber's fairy boat.

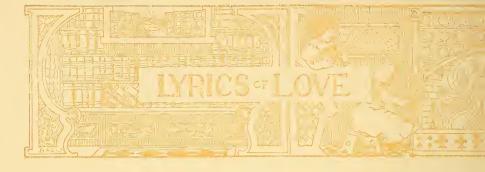
Never need you fret, my dear, Mother love is close and near.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my love, All the stars are out above.

And the clock is striking, slow Shut the silken eyelids—so.

Angels walk in silver shoon, Mother sings her tender rune.

And the good God watches all As the thickening shadows fall.



Twice a Day

WICE a day I hear the shout
From the children, school is out;
Once at noon and once at night,
Forth they troop in wild delight.

If the darlings only knew
What perplexing tasks we do,
If they knew that grown-up land
Had its briers on every hand,
Would they with such eager joy
Rush to playtime—girl and boy?

And if we were just as wise
As the children, would we prize
Bits of respite, bits of fun,
Breathing spells when tasks are done,

As the children do? No doubt, Half the time, when school is out We go toiling on, nor play As we might, in childish way.



At the Coronation

HE heralds cried, "Long live the King!"

In clamorous shouts the throng replied;

The little children came to sing,
The gladness rippled far and wide.

But underneath the jeweled crown
The King nor lifted eye nor hand;
His brow was furrowed with a frown,
His sadness blurred the smiling land.

For lo! upon the fringing edge
Of that vast crowd, the King discerned
One, fast who held his broken pledge,
One whose hot scorn his sin had earned.

A crime's wan ghost returned once more, He faced a shadowy judgment-seat, And all the path grew dark before The monarch's shamed, victorious feet.



Hope

HE midnight was black and dreary,
With never a star in sight;
Oh, but our eyes were weary,
Straining for morning light.

The shadows were swift to gather,
But the dawn came trembling in;
The dawn, that we thank Thee, Father,
Ever its battle must win.

Pale on her pillow lying,
Our dear one stirred and smiled;
We thought she was dying, dying,
When the midnight winds were wild.

But swift as the morning lances
Pricked over the hills and the sea,
Life came with their swift advances;
This grief was not to be.

And hope that had fainted, lifted
A look that was calm with prayer;
The skies were with sunshine rifted,
And the angels of God were there.



Mother

HAVE only to shut my eyes, and I see her sitting there,

In the easy chair in the corner, with the sifted snow on her hair.

And her dear hands folded gently, as she rested after the day

That had been so busy for others, as was always the mother's way.

She was not often idle, she had knitting or patch-work to do,

And her fingers moved quite swiftly, as she talked and laughed with you.

But she ever found time to comfort the soul that was bowed with grief,

And you never took her a trouble, but you brought away relief.

In the hour of pain and illness, what touch was like mother's own?

Soothing the throb of fever, hushing the pitiful moan:



In the shadow of the valley, her steadfast faith was strong,

And she smiled, as she heard beforehand the angels' welcoming song.

Oh, mother, darling mother, your true heart never grew old;

You were never unbelieving, never were cross or cold;

Your eyes were full of heaven, your love was hallowed by prayer;

Sweet mother, calm and queenly, in the throne of the old arm-chair!

We are lonelier without you; we miss you as we plod,

Bearing our heavy burdens, on the road that once you trod;—

We are cheerier that you taught us the victory to win

Through the Christ who came to save us from the stain and shame of sin.



It's just to shut my eyes, Dear, and I see you sitting there,

Just between dark and daylight, with the snow on your silver hair;

I often think you are near me, though you dwell in Heaven now,

My own, my beautiful Mother, with the peace of God on your brow!

Nursery Cares

OTHER, with your brood at night
Safe within your tender care,
Every golden head in sight,

Not a darling missing there—
Haply you are very tired,
Sometimes heavy-hearted, too;
Just the things you most desired
Were not yours this day to do.
Troubles seem to come in troops,
Wearily your prayers are said;
'Neath your load your courage droops
As you drag yourself to bed.



Mother, count these happy days,
Fill them not with dole and fret;
Round them out with ceaseless praise,
God's great love is on you set.
When the little lads are still
Sheltered in your guardian care;
Yours to mold them as you will,
Not a darling missing there.
When the lads are bearded men,
When the little maids have grown
And the children leave you, then
Making homes their very own;

When you cannot tell at night
Where your best beloved are,
East and West and out of sight,
O'er the wide world scattered far—
One a sailor on the wave,
One a soldier in the strife,
One low lying in the grave,
Worsted one in woes of life—

Mother, then your heart may ache; Happy days you're spending now,



When the little frocks you make,
Part the ringlets on each brow,
Hear the little daily tasks,
Soothe the passing childish grief
That of mother ever asks,
Sure to find, the sweet relief.
Thank the dear Lord when you pray,
For the crowding nursery brood
Are your own and His to-day!
"Praise the Lord for He is good!"

Victoria Regina

1901

OLL for her, bells, toll from tower and steeple;

Toll for her, mother and queen of her people;

Send the sad tidings far over the sea,
Tell them wherever her loyal sons be,
She, who was royal, now fallen on sleep,
Heedeth nor heareth, though thousands may
weep.

LIFICS LOVE

She, whose proud scepter swayed millions of men,

Outward hath drifted from sight and from ken,

Safe with the kings and the great ones of earth, Past all the battles, the mourning, the mirth; Toll a deep knell for her, queen of her own, Vanished forever from palace and throne.

Grieve for her, winds, as ye wail round her coasts;

Grieve for her, banners, half mast o'er her hosts.
Sailors of England who man the brave ships
Mourn as her name trembles last on your lips.
Soldiers of England whose camp-fires blaze
Round the wide world, ye shall never more raise

"God save the Queen!" for your queen shall no more

Send you her blessing in peace or in war.

Mists of the moorland and dew on the thorn, Glens that she trod when her days were at morn;

HEARTH-HOME

Children she cradled and friends that she knew,

Homes that she watched through the rose and the rue;

Places and people she cared for, be sad, Surely she gave you the best that she had.

Little old lady, so homely and plain; Little old mother, so stanch in her reign, When the kind angel of life came at last, Death with its bitterness every whit past, Into the springtime she slipped and away Fell the chill snows of her lingering day.

Flowers for her as she lieth asleep!
Flowers their sweetness forever to keep;
Widowed no longer, she'll rest by his side,
Once who was proud of her, maiden and bride,
All her day's work at the set of the sun,
Ended and put aside, all, and well done.
Let the long ages the story repeat;
Fadeless her fame, though the ages are fleet.
Toll for her, great bells, from tower and steeple,
Mother and idol and queen of her people.

7



Evensong

O-DAY the fields are reaped and shorn,
The fruits are gathered in,
And shines the golden light of morn
On wealth of barn and bin.

Dun tints lie where the summer's green
Waved at the south wind's breath;
Bare boughs are lifted, stripped and clean,
By besom touch of death.

Along the brown and slumberous tide
Float down the withered leaves,
The fields are naked far and wide
Where late were bound the sheaves.

A touch of frost is in the air,

The nights are crisp and cold,

The Northern Lights like torches flare

O'er wintry wood and wold.

HEARTH-HOME

And now we open wide the door,
And call the kith and kin
To throng beneath the roof once more
Till all are gathered in.

The white-haired sire, the sturdy son,
The blooming boys and girls,
Down to the latest little one
With yellow clustering curls,

About the table meet to-day,
And feast with joy and mirth;
And many a tender word they say
Around the radiant hearth.

And thanks they give to God above, Whose hand upon their way Has been a hand of constant love And led them to this day.

For blessings more than tongue can tell
The household praises rise;
The strains of music throb and swell
And climb to pierce the skies.

L. of C.

"God save the commonwealth!" they cry
In faith that God will hear,
Since never prayer was sent on high
To reach a loveless ear.

"God save and bless the dear home-land!
God save our flag from shame,
God keep us ever, strong to stand
A nation in His name."

So, from its dawn to sunset's hour,
We keep Thanksgiving Day,
For sheaf and seed, for bud and flower,
For life and death we say?

"All glory to the Lord of Hosts!
All glory, honor, praise!"
The psalm is heard on all our coasts,
Our seas and inland bays.

A nation with its thousands brings
To God its homage meet,
And here its mighty choral flings
Low at Jehovah's feet.

HEARTH HOME

A Homestead Rally

O many a gracious lady, to many a busy man,

There comes in chill November a sweet and flute-like call,

"Leave later friends and neighbors, leave scheme and task and plan,

And once more cross the threshold of your childhood's happy hall."

The old home longs to greet you; the roof is low and broad,

The apple tree still taps against the nursery chamber's pane;

Before the door the great stone lies, by time and weather flawed,

And there the sturdy lilacs stand on guard in sun and rain.

Life means for you succession of swiftly hurrying days;

More soberly it keeps the pace for those you left behind

When first the bugles sounded and you trod the crowded ways,

That feel the thrill and throb of toil, the marching of mankind.

Dear Mother grows no older, her hair is silver white,

Her placed look remains the same; her smile as full of cheer,

Her brow is ever radiant as if with angel light, She only grows the lovelier with every passing year.

And Father, just a little bent, a little deaf, perhaps,

But stir him up on politics, he straightens; times like these

Need patriotic arguments; in him you'll find no lapse

Of stubbornness for principle; he's Father, if you please.



How happy is the gathering when Ruth and Isabel

And Jack and Reuben come along, and all their bonny brood;

Here's dainty Madge, here's little Mark, here sweet coquettish Nell,

And oh! to meet the kith and kin and sit with them is good.

For blood is thicker far, my friends, than water, and we find

A subtle tie of clanship when the scattered tribe comes home;

And the heart is ever yearning for the love it left behind,

How far so e'er the pilgrim feet around the great world roam.

And many a winsome woman, and many a stately man

Is glad when in the heart it sounds—that old Thanksgiving call:



"Come back again, ye children, and be children as ye can

Alone beside the mother's knee, in childhood's olden hall!"

So lift to God the anthem and gather in the sheaves

And bind them to His holy praise, and sing with glad acclaim,

Till everywhere the roof-tree, and the dear familiar eaves

Are ringing with the joyful songs that bless the Mighty Name.

A Bit of the Book

A bit of the book in the morning, To order my onward way.

A bit of the book in the evening, To hallow the end of the day.

FIELD AND GARDEN



Wild Flowers

IELD - CARDEN



KNOW their haunts, the lovely things, with shy, uplifted faces;

That seek to hide in secrecy of shady wooded places.

I know the tints that wreathe the heights, the cups that scent the valleys,

And all the troop processional that Nature's tocsin rallies.

Ere yet the lingering snows had gone, the arbutus was blushing

Beneath her screen of withered leaves, a vestal faintly flushing;

Then, later, came a purer snow, when dogwood blossoms shining

Lit starry tapers in the trees as daylight was declining.

The mountain laurel's pink and white, it filled my heart's desire;

My fingers thrilled with gladness when I culled the dear sweet-brier;

LYNICS - LOVE

For violets and buttercups, for acres bright with clover,

The honey-bee and I alike ranged miles of beauty over.

Such fields on fields with daisies pied! such ferns in glooming hollows!

And oh! the rich marshmallow's bloom, where who the path that follows

Shall find the cardinal's regal flag, and through the reeds and grasses

Discover homes of timid birds that build in guarded passes.

To-day the aster's purple plumes beside the way are gleaming,

The blue-fringed gentian near the brook in easeful grace is dreaming,

The golden-rod is everywhere, the woodbine's scarlet splendor

Shines softened through the opal haze that floats in radiance tender.

FIELD ** CARDEN

Ah me! the frost is coming soon, the wildwood flowers shall vanish;

The wintry cold, the cruel winds, the gentle things will banish.

But patience, heart! they'll only sleep, and in the glad spring weather

Once more the flowers and I will keep a festival together.

Afterglow



Sunset and after, as shy as a dream, What time all the opulent splendor has faded

Into wan ashen dusk when the amber has shaded,

And twilight has fallen on hilltop and stream,
One sees stealing back a faint rosy reflection
That deepens and melts into loveliest blush,
As elusive and soft as a sweet recollection

That tugs at your heart with its tremulous hush.

Be silent and gaze at the great sky, for, lo! God's angels are there painting day's afterglow.

An Old Garden

AST bound in the dusty city,

As held in a prison grim,

I send my love to a garden

That grows by the sea's blue rim,

A dear old-fashioned pleasaunce

Beautiful, quaint, and prim.

There flourish in their splendor
Peonies red and white,
And clumps of stately lilies
A wonder to the sight,
And a perfect riot of roses
For the bees' and my delight.

Dusk pansies there, with alway
Their sweet appealing look,
Forget-me-nots that from the sky
Their tender blueness took,
And rose geranium to press
In some dear poet's book.

Great store of phlox and myrtle, And rows of straight sweet pease, All sorts of lady slippers

The children's eyes to please,

And over in the corner

Two tall mimosa trees.

A DECARDEN

I can't begin to tell you

How rich that garden seems,

How with remembered honey

Its shadowy cloister teems,

How oft its low bird-music

Goes fluting through my dreams.

There used to walk a mother
Whose gentle form no more
Keeps tryst with fading flowers;
Whose earthly work is o'er.
I'm sure she helps the angels
On some sweet blooming shore.

And pent in city fastness
'Mid houses close and high,
Between whose thronging roofs I catch
A little bit of sky,
I think how wide and full and free
That garden still must lie,

With all outdoors around it,
And near, the sea's blue rim,
Where evermore the sounding waves
Uplift Jehovah's hymn.
So here's my love, dear garden:
Old-fashioned, quaint, and prim.

A Retreat

PLACE I know, the haunt of dreams,
A quiet space, deep hidden away,

Where softened fall the noonday gleams, Where one might go alone to pray.

There little winds are whispering round;
One sometimes hears the hermit-thrush;
The passing foot awakes no sound
In that sweet sanctuary's hush.

I, who to-day must toil and spin,
Near the great city's throbbing heart,
Unto that white peace enter in,
Of that pure silence am a part.

Mother's Flowers

OTHER had pinks and four o'clocks,

Lady-slippers and prince's feather,

And peonies, lilacs, and sturdy phlox,

Flowers that bloomed in a tangle together.

Her garden was sweet with the honey of June,
And it fairly rioted till October,
And only when winter its eerie rune
Crooned in its ear, was that garden sober,

And grave as a Quaker in garments staid,

Till the snow came down with its cover of

whiteness;

Then prim and silent the garden made Penance a while for its summer's brightness.

Mosses

They cling with tender fingers

To the tall and wind-rocked tree;

Where the bitter cold is fiercest,

There the shielding mosses be.

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3

The Child Among the Lilies

HE lilies stood up straight and tall,

And white they shone against the sun.

The child was very round and small, A rosy, dimpled little one.

She called the lilies by their names—
Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—
And thought them proud and stately dames;
And yet, she said, they play with me.

So many, many lilies there,
And just one baby, only one,
With sweet blue eyes and silken hair,
That rippled red gold in the sun.

No mother had this little maid;
Her mother watched her out of heaven.
And, with the lilies, when she played,
At dawn, or noon, or dew-wet even,

FIELD - GARDEN

The mother dropped a tender kiss
Into the tallest lily's heart;
Dear Christ, she prayed, but grant me this:
My child to live her life apart

From sin, and sorrow born of sin;
Such grace be hers as lilies learn—
Lilies, which neither toil nor spin,
Yet evermore to heaven turn.

Wise virgins they with tapers trimmed,
Ready the bridegroom's train to meet,
Their gleaming cups forever brimmed
With perfume for the bridegroom's feet.

In her safe heaven the mother cared,
And where they count not time by hours
She and a guardian angel shared
Love-vigil o'er the child and flowers.

So stood the lilies straight and tall,
And white by night and white by day;
I think they knew the low love-call
Of that sweet little maid at play,

LYRIGS LOVE

Who gave them quaint, old-fashioned names—Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—Oh! very proud and haughty dames,
Who yet, she said, are good to me.

Heartsease

HAVE nothing to send you, Dearest,
On the day you make so sweet;
But if I could I would gather

Roses to strew at your feet;
Lilies to light your chamber
When the gloaming gathers in,
And to sing you a song of their glory
Who neither toil nor spin.

The best I can bring you, Dearest,
Is the herb they call Heartsease.
For you live with the few and the precious
Who seek not self to please,
But ever who live for others,
And ever who make us give
Thanks to the Father in Heaven
That with us He lets them live.

FIELD - GARDEN

To take each hour as He sends it,

To count no moment lost,

To live in the light of the sunbeam,

Never to think of the cost—

This is to find a blessing

As the soul beholds the Christ,

And never loses the heartsease

She gathers with Him at tryst.

Arbor Day

For to-day and to-morrow,
For the blithe years to be,
For the comfort of sorrow,
For shelter and shade,
For the song and the wing,
For the sun and the rain
And the sweet rains of Spring,
For summers and autumns
And winters to be,
For storms and for calms,
We are planting a tree.

The Corn and Wheat

H, the fields of ribboned corn, swaying ripened in the morn,

Oh, the wondrous waving wheat growing full, through cold and heat—

Oh, the sweetness and the wealth yet to feed the great world's health;

Here I sit where falls the light darkened through the towering height

Of the walls of brick and stone, round the thronging city thrown,

And my thoughts go flying far, under sunshine, under star,

To those ample spaces, white when the moon rays glisten bright,

Yellow when the noon is spread hot and fervid overhead.

Angel-watched those fields have been, though they neither toil nor spin,

They have only had to wait for God's breathing soon and late;

- Rain and dew and flake and mist, morns of tender amethyst,
- Nights of brooding mother love, all that harvest life above,
- God Himself forever near, God who feeds His children dear,
- Though they strive in fierce debate, clash of arms and furious hate,
- Though they spend their hours in vain, following Mammon's eager train,
- Not forgotten of the Lord, bread they break at Heaven's board,
- And the heart of Heaven is sweet, in that harvest corn and wheat.
- Lack we faith in Him who stands, holding out such gracious hands?
- Are we slow for Him to go, do we loiter at the task?
- Yet we know a full supply comes like manna from the sky,
- In our utmost need and dole we are whole if we but ask.

LINICS HOVE

Forest Blessings

UCH beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance, and the treetops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If He care for this, will He not for thee—
Thee, wherever thou art to-day?
Child of an infinite Father, see;
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

EL DAT CARDE

May Winds

HROUGH the green gloom the dogwood shines,

The yellow jasmine lights the pines,

Sweet violets nestle in the grass, And all the vagrant winds that pass Stoop down to brush with kisses free The virgin, coy anemone; The lonely woods are blithe to-day With life and love and hope and May.

Flower o' the Apple

LYRICS . LOVE

AY days, and robin songs, and flower o' the apple,

Wings flashing here and there, nests in the eaves,

Vine tendrils pushing up, rose blossoms budding,

And by and by, in barn and bin, the fruitage and the sheaves.

And oh! it is so good to be a child in God's garden;

A little child of God, to dwell in God's house in the spring.

When, like foam upon the river, is the flowering of the apple,

And in the greening forests, the happy birdlings sing.

You cannot tell the number of the pink and blushing blossoms,

Nor the star dust in the azure, nor the sands beside the sea,

FIELD ~ CARDEN

But the Lord who keeps their tally and who calls them when they rally

Has a tender care, dear heart, to-day, for you and me.

The Little Brown Mate

HE little brown mate has left the nest, And she's half forgotten her song; Her brood are away in the sunny day,

Her cares no longer throng;

But she misses the soft wings under her breast; She misses the need and the cry;

The poor little mother, who has no other Round eggs 'neath her heart to lie.

The little brown mate may flute a note,
A low little note and sweet,

If her lover comes back on his homeward track,

With a call her own to greet;

She's only a tiny brown mate, you see, And in naught can she find her rest;

The poor wee mother, who has no other Fit niche in the world but her nest.

A Good-by

ERE they are, back again, sweet and the last of them,

All the dear flowers that come at the end,

Soon the hoar frost will fall, white o'er the past of them,

Withered and faded, each fair flower friend.

This is the end.

Beautiful asters and blushing marshmallows, Gentians that lift their pure faces to-day,

Long plumy grasses that fringe the brookshallows,

Splendid chrysanthemums lighting the way.

Starring the way.

Soon they will go, all these brilliant creations; What is their meaning, and why do they come,

Only to flit, as they mark the way-stations

Passed by the pilgrims who take the road
home?

Take the road home.

FIELD GARDEN

Think how the summers have always been brightened

By the processional march of the flowers,

Think how the seasons roll, still their joy heightened,

By the sweet blooms that have measured the hours.

Fairest of flowers.

We can but wait till another year brings them, For they will sleep, to awaken once more,

When the time comes that the flower-angel flings them

Straight out of heaven through earth's open door,

Giving us largesse of beauty in store.

And I believe that the like of them ever Laugh in the sunlight that beams for the blest:

Somewhere we'll find them, our lost flowers, never

Quite out of season, where life's at its best.

Here's a farewell to them, these, the gay last of them,

Here's au revoir, we can spare them a while, Snow will drift softly and soon o'er the past of them;

Bow the bright flowers out, yes, with a smile.

A Matin Song

ARLY in the morning,

Just as day was breaking,

I heard a darling little bird

His tender mate awaking.

"Flute—flute—flute—

O stir thee, love!" it said:

For here's the day come back again

With blue sky overhead!

Early in the morning, too,

One must be up and doing,

There is no time for laggard will,

Its daily tasks pursuing;

FIELD ** CARDEN

"Flute—flute—flute—
Be swift, dear love," it said;
The little bird, whose song I heard
In tree-top overhead.

Early in the morning,

The world is full of singing;

And everywhere to cheer us on

Are notes of music ringing.

"Flute—flute—flute—

O love, be brave and true!"—

The little bird whose song I heard,

Said that with much ado.

Early in the morning,

The rippling waves were dancing;

The lances of the coming day

In golden light were glancing.

"Flute—flute—flute—

O love, be blithe and strong:

There's work to do, there's nought to rue,"

The bird said, in his song.

September

MERRY tramp of little feet,

Just hear the sweet vibration!

The children over all the land

Have had a long vacation,

And back again they haste to take
In school the dear old places,
To measure out the days by rule
With fair, unshadowed faces.

They troop along the city streets,
Grave eyes grow young that see them,
And wistful hearts from every blight
Of sin and pain would free them.

Athwart the dusty ways of 'Change, With wafts of flowers and grasses, As if to music sweet and strange The brilliant army passes. Along the quiet country roads,
By purple asters bordered,
At nine o'clock and half-past three
The gay reviews are ordered.

And childish voices, clear and shrill,
Amaze the peeping thrushes,
The vireos and the orioles,
Housekeeping in the bushes.

There's not a fence-rail far or near
But flames in ribboned fire,
The children find the old stone wall
Half hid with ruby brier.

Pansies

"I can never paint the velvet,"
Said a child, with wistful look;
He who gave this pansy color,
Paints each leaf of Nature's book.

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The Outer Court

YRIGSOLOVE

And fashioned not by hands of men,
There ripple melodies untold
In sighing winds of mount and glen;
In cadences that softly stir
Through waving meadows lush and green;
In sweeping boughs of pine and fir,
In tiny nestling flowers unseen.

And grander bursts of music rise

From waves that thunder on the shore,
From clouds that drift along the skies,
When mighty tempests break and roar.

From throng and clamor of the world,
'Tis blessedness to creep away;
And with the Lord Himself to stay,
In His great temple, dew-impearled.

So, often did the Master go
And seek, beneath the greenwood's shade,
The will of Him He loved, to know;
There calmly to His Father prayed.

FIELD - GARDEN

The long night held Him; folding dim Its mantle round the Son of God; And all the stars in regions broad, And all the great winds sang a hymn.

And soft or loud, one word is said

In those prolonged triumphant swells,
And "Glory!" rings where'er we tread,
By white-capped surf or dimpling dells.

Fair lie the dreaming lands to-day;
The aftermath invites the bee;
And every lonesome wilding way
Is beautiful that God may see,
And bend from out His rifted heaven,
And know how like it, earth uplifts
Her templed heights, where seven times seven,
Through ages on, the glory drifts.

East and West

Eastward, Westward,
Far may be your flight;
Loveward, homeward,
Haste ye back at night.

Golden Rod



O you come earlier now, dear flower, Than in the summers sweet and long,

When less seemed pressed in every hour, And cares were few and joys a throng?

What brings you early in the season,
While yet the fair wild roses blow?
What is old Nature's secret reason
So soon her autumn tints to show?

You answer not, but gaily swaying
Beside the road in fearless grace,
You seem to whisper, "Going, staying,
Or moving on in hurrying pace,

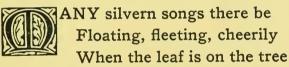
"We flowers hear a voice that utters Command, and we can but obey. The planet whirls, the petal flutters, Because Jehovah says they may."



Sweet Golden Rod! Be mine to listen,
And yours to preach, while glad days
move,

And sunsets glow, and pearl-dawns glisten Obedient to the God I love.

A Snow Etching



And the days are long.

Sweet, oh, sweet a strain I heard

From a little lonesome bird;

Icy boughs by winds unstirred,

Yet he poured a song!

Crisp and clear the bugle note
From the blithe undaunted throat,
Just a tune he knew by rote,
Singing in the snow!
And I bade my own heart meet
Trouble with a mood as sweet,
Half-way going forth to greet
All the winds that blow.

Katydid

HE evening shadows gather and the land is very still,

The dew is falling softly on meadow, vale, and hill;

The thrushes cease their vespers, the bees are in the hive,

And sleep is sifting tenderly on everything alive.

Katydid! Katy didn't! I hear the old refrain, Insistent, sharp, staccato, 'tis the well-remembered strain;

'Tis sounding from the thicket, 'tis singing in the copse,

From yonder field of clover in silvern sound it drops,

And far and wide the crickets send back their monotone,

The crickets and the katydids are in the world alone.

And every busy daylight bird unto its nest has flown.

FIELD CARDEN

- From unforgotten summers, the summers of my youth,
- Troop back a phantom host of forms, of pleasure and of ruth;
- I see the lissome figures of maidens fair and sweet;
- I hear across the silent years the echoes of their feet.
- The tender words of other days my listening thoughts repeat.
- Katydid! Katy didn't!—how sharp and clear the strain;
- Again I stop and listen to the tune of that refrain;
- It is blending with the cricket, it is calling from the hill;
- It punctuates the silences when all the land is still;
- When the thrushes cease their vespers, the bees are in the hive,
- And sleep is sifting drowsily on everything alive.



But it is not wholly sadness, this tender looking back;

Where flowers have withered, other blooms have cheered the beaten track;

There's nothing richer, fuller, than the wealth of autumn's time,

When we're half way up the hill-top, with other hills to climb.

Katydid! Katy didn't! and the cricket's steady drone,

The little orchestra keeps on till all the birds have flown,

And dews are heavy in the grass, and bees are in the hive,

And sleep is falling dreamily on everything alive.

A Wish

Thy heart's desire, God give it thee, As comes the sap to thrill the tree; As comes the seed-life to the clod, God give thee, dear, the thoughts of God.

Thanksgiving

OR all true words that have been spoken,

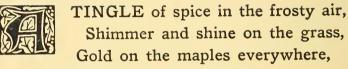
For all brave deeds that have been done,

For every loaf in kindness broken,
For every race in valor run,
For martyr lips which have not failed
To give God praise and smile to rest,
For knightly souls which have not quailed
At stubborn strife or lonesome quest;
Lord unto Whom we stand in thrall
We give Thee thanks for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble
Hath followed wealth of waving grain;
For every passing wind of trouble
Which bends Thy grass that lifts again;
For gold in mine that men must seek,
For work which bows the sullen knee;
For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,
For love by which we climb to Thee;
Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,
We give Thee praise for all, for all.

EDIRICS LOVE

October



Red where the oak leaves pass.

Brier and vine a scarlet twine
On the old stone fence, adorning
Each rock they brush with their vivid blush;
This is an autumn morning.

And it's up and away past field and lawn,
Valley and mount and stream,
Hurry and haste in the early dawn
While the pearly dew-drops gleam.

And never is life with bliss so rife
As when, all dalliance scorning,
We take the road, nor would shirk the load
In the flush of an autumn morning.

FIELD CARDEN

A shimmer of frost on the bending grass,
A spice in the tingling air;
And light are the footsteps of lad and lass,
For pleasure is everywhere.

A Wind of the South

When the pale first blossoms woo the bee,

Wind that flings from a golden mouth
Tender spray of the summer sea,
Wind that keeps for us light and bloom,
That cradles the bird in the swinging nest,
Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,
Of the winds of heaven we love thee best.

Over the springing wheat-fields pass,
And over the small home gardens fare,
Evermore bringing to grain and grass
And flowers thy breath of blessing rare.
Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,
O wind of the South, so strong and fleet!
Never a drop of its joy to waste,
In the days of the springtime coy and sweet.

Dancing in the Street

HE wind was piercing and bitter,
And I hurried fast along,
When sweet in the street about

Came the lilt of a little song.

And the poor old organ-grinder,
With a monkey dressed in red,
Laughed at my look of wonder,
Nodding his grizzled head,

As out of the narrow alleys,
And tumbling down the stairs,
Came a quaint little throng of children,
Dancing in merry pairs.

Their clothes were rags and tatters,
With broken shoes they were shod,
But they sang with cheery voices,
And danced to the player's nod.

They didn't mind the biting
Of the nipping, frosty air,
They heard the sound of the music
And danced away their care.

NIELD OCARDEN

The Resting of the Fields

ING, little brook, that sang so gay

A measure to the winds of May,

That caroled such a merry tune
To match the fragrant hours of June.

Sing, little brook, this autumn eve When flowers and birds have taken leave

And only golden pumpkins shine, And frost has touched the trellised vine.

Sing, while my heart its praise renews To Him who sends us dusk and dews.

Sing, little dancing brook, of rest And harvest wealth in peace possessed.

And as I hear thy tender strain, Which hath no undernote of pain,

I'll think of Him whose favor shields The homes amid the resting fields.



Hillside Way



P hillside way a morn of May Wears sheen of white and pomp of green,

And robins tilt on fence and spray,
And friendly catbirds flute and preen.

Up hillside way the brooks are brown,
And little ripples catch the light;
Beneath the uproar of the town
I hear the brooks from morn till night.

They chant a tender undersong,
Amid the furious strife of trade;
My heart goes back where I belong,
Where once, a heedless child, I played.

No golden gains up hillside way,
No stocks nor margins; Nature there
Keeps open house both night and day
And spreads her board with ample fare.

I knew the taste of manna when
I used to stroll up hillside way;
Each summer was like heaven then,
From springing grass to new-mown hay.

FIELD CARDEN

To-day the city holds me fast
A captive dragging ball and chain;
But sweet from out a happy past
The old home woos my soul again.

The White Days of Winter

HE white days of winter, darling,
When softly the snowflakes fall,
Till a royal garment of ermine
Folds tenderly over all,
Field and hillock and valley,
Hushed in the sweetest sleep;
For the snow comes down from our Father,
His loving charge to keep.

Under the snow-robe, darling,

There is wonderful brooding heat,

That is taking care of the daisies,

And saving the next year's wheat.

And we'd have no flowers, dearest,

When the spring's green days came back,

If the white days did not bring us

The feathery flakes in their track.

The Last Red Leaf

N the topmost bough, the nearest the sky,

The last red leaf had its beautiful place;

It knew the winds as they wandered by,
It felt the kiss of the sun on its face;
When the rest of the leaves had grown tired
and gone,

This little red leaf held bravely on.

And Mother Nature so wise and old
Smiled as she looked at the small red leaf,
That had staid when the banners of brown and
gold

Had finished their triumph bright and brief; The little red leaf that all alone Held the fort when its mates were gone.

"You may stay," she said, "till the curtain falls,

Till the birds have flown to the far sweet South;

(Till the bugle blast of the north-wind calls— The blast that has frost and snow in its mouth),

And then, dear leaf, when the play is done, You shall go to sleep at the set of the sun."

So the little red leaf like a ribbon bright
Waved from its place at the top of the tree;
It saw the stars as they kindled their light,
It caught a glimpse of the shining sea;
And one day feeling a waft of snow,
The dear little leaf made haste to go.

It fell asleep and it did not dream.

It was not tired, its course was run.

The little red leaf in dusk and gleam

Had been happy and gay, and its tasks were
done.

With never a moan nor a fretting care, "Good-night," it said, and it was not there.

'Tis a happy world if day by day
We stand in our lot, and do our best;
Content and joyful as long to stay
As the dear Lord wills, and to leave the rest

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LITATION LOVE

In the tender hands that keep us here, Bidding us cling with never a fear.

'Tis a happy world, our Father's world,
And the place He sets us in to do
Our earthly task till our flag is furled,
Is bright with sunshine and pearled with
dew.

Like the little red leaf let us blithely wait, Till the angels open the Heaven-gate.

The Touch of Earth

F old one gained his strength anew
When faint and like to fail,
If but on earth's soft breast he
fell.

And felt again the mystic spell Of turf and flower and gale.

Still, in these hurrying modern hours,
When faint and nigh to death,
We rise refreshed and know once more
The virgin zest of youth, and store
Of deep and joyous breath,

FIELD - CARDEN

If for a little while we stay
In some dear mountain land,
Where God is very near and prayer
Is just the casting of our care
Upon His mighty hand.

Content to let Him have His will
In us, about us, and to be
As plastic as the molding clay,
And thank Him for such destiny:
So shall we bear the stress of time,
From weakness safe, serene, and free.

One Summer Day

It dawned in troubled strife of storm,

But sunshine came before the close.

It brought with it the golden gift

Of summer's first unfolding rose.

It brought a dear one home to stay;

That ever gracious summer day.

The Fairy People's Spinning

OR little men and little maids,
When night is just beginning,
Oh, then, on quiet hills and glades
The fairies start their spinning.

And fast each silver shuttle goes, In summer darkness chilly, To weave the redness of the rose, The whiteness of the lily.

To count the cunning little elves
Would surely make you dizzy,
They do not know their host themselves,
These wee folk quaint and busy.

By brook and creek, by isle and shoal, By velvet field and valley, Dame Nature keeps their muster roll, So often as they rally. And when the little children wake
In sunny mornings early,
They see the lace the fairies make,
A cobweb tissue pearly.

It lightly folds o'er branch and stem,
It shakes with dews a-twinkle,
And flings its cloth of gold and gem
In many a filmy wrinkle.

So little men and maids may dream
While trolls and elves are plying
Their looms beneath the starlight's gleam,
And silent hours are flying.

The Fresh Spring Flowers

UCKED under the sedges, and close to the edges

Of fields that are kissed by the winds of the South,

Are the dear little flowers that Earth richly dowers

With showers and sunshine, ere summer and drouth.

Shy pink-tinted blossoms, that keep in their bosoms

A sweetness elusive as zephyr that blows;

Fair violets of spring-time, who come in the wing time,

And learn all the lore that the first bluebird knows.

There's sheen on the rivers, where tenderly quivers

On banks greening over, the new-budded leaf;

And dear Pussy-Willow has stirred from her pillow,

And jonquils are yellow as wheat in the sheaf.

Soon wakes the pure lily, though mornings are chilly;

And bourgeons the snow-drop so fearlessly bold,

And through dark aisles glooming, the rare dogwood blooming,

Will lavish its splendor in forest and wold.

FIELD GARDEN

Sweet flowers that glisten, that wistfully listen,

To hear the faint call of the mother of love,

The dew and the shimmer, the dusk and the glimmer

Of star-beams and moon-ray, are yours from above.

Ye dwell like white maidens whom purity ladens

With dreams that come true in the light of the morn,

And ye pledge us the word of the all-keeping Lord,

That the gifts of His hands to our lives shall be borne.

That whatever we need from His bounteous store

Shall be added in fullness of more unto more.

Not yet have we waited in vain for your hour, Nor once has the Maker forgotten to send

To its own special place, the wee bit of a flower That brings to the old world the look of a friend,

In Florida

LL day we drove through woods of pine;

The winds sighed through their stately tops,

As marshalled there in serried line,

The tall trees stood in grove and copse.

And pendent from their branches waved

The long gray moss in filmy lace;

Its shadowy beauty filled the place,

The utmost storm its slightness braved.

And firmest where the Northern gale
Struck fierce against that forest line,
Flung the soft moss, so thin and frail,
A veil upon the slender pine;
I mused amid that solitude
Of Him who mingleth small and great;
With Whom is neither soon nor late,
But evermore Whose word is good.

Alone, for swiftly passing years
The sentry pines His bidding do.
Each upward, skyward, proudly rears
Its pillared shaft against the blue.



And, growing slowly, woven fair
In mist and rain and sunny days,
The gray moss like a robe of praise,
Floats in the gently swaying air.
It moves us like a whispered prayer.

Oh, tenderness of Nature's heart,
Oh, blessed aisles of silent space,
Where one may sit and muse apart,
And lift to Heaven a pleading face.

A Song for the Home-Land



SONG for the home-land, its valleys and hills,

Its lakes lying blue, and its silvery rills,

A song for its fields and their harvests of gold, A song for its mines with their wealth all untold;

The home-land, the dear land, the land of the free,

O beautiful Mother, our hearts cling to thee!

A song for the church, with its call unto prayer,
For the comfort and healing and joy we have
there.

A song for the school, with the flag on its roof, For the lessons it teaches from evil aloof,

A song for true brotherhood, sturdy and free,

O home-land, dear home-land, a chorus for thee!

A song for our Sabbath that dawns with its peace,

From greed and from bondage, a day of release,

A song for our Bibles, wide open and fair,

For our Sunday-schools dear, and the bands gathered there;

For the men and the women, whose service is free,

O home-land, fair home-land, a chorus to thee!

A song for the children of lands far away
Who come to this land of the blithe rising
day.

A song for the flag that can shelter them all; A song for the hearth-flame in cottage and hall.

In Early Spring

As white and cold and still As when it drifted long ago
Beneath the windy hill.

Yet bare and brown the fallow slopes
Of upland pastures wait
In silent dreams and endless hopes
The days with bloom elate.

No flower in all the land awake, No tender leaf unrolled, No greening spray of frond or brake, No willow's misty gold.

But still the thrilling maples know
The haunting sense of spring;
The zephyrs of the south wind blow,
We hear the bluebirds sing.

With prescient hint of quickened life
The forests are astir;
New fragrance in the air is rife,
New spice in pine and fir.

Ere long the arbutus shall peep
Through screens of shielding leaves,
The vines and briers softly creep,
The seeds foretell the sheaves.

We wait amid the gray-green waste,
We list amid the hush;
We need not cry with eager haste
For bloom and fruit and thrush.

It is a moment exquisite,
Faint-colored, almost still;
Presaging fires of summer lit
Beside each dancing rill.

Presaging all the gorgeous train
Of all the flowers to be,
On vale and mountain slope and plain,
As lavish as the sea.

In shine and shade, by day and night,
The looms of Nature ply,
And bloom forever follows blight,
And life can never die.



Bouncing Bet

MERRY, gleeful maiden in a ruffled frock of pink,

She curtsies by the dusty road and by the river's brink,

A laugh and nod for every one, a careless waft of sweet,

And there is bonny, bouncing Bet, a hoyden most complete.

Who gave her this enchanting name to match her gypsy face

I do not know, but well it suits her lithe, unfettered grace;

A little plebeian is she, by cottage doors to grow,

And by the trodden highway side, her witchery we know.

The children like her sturdy bloom, her frank and fearless eye,

That never shrinks from sun or rain; that dares the darkest sky.

LVRICS-LOVE

No dainty palace lady she, but damsel of the loom,

Who spends her summer spinning her fair rosetinted bloom.

Oh, bouncing Bet, be good to me; your happy, secret spell,

How is it that your ruffled frock can always fit so well?

How is it that you never fade, but wear your blushing pink,

So freshly and with unconcern, where other flowers shrink?

A sweet salvation army lass, you stand and preach to me,

You bid me from the sordid fear, the anxious thought, be free.

A little preacher in the lane, a teacher by the road.

You lead my thoughts to One who lifts the heft of every load.

The Ripple on the Grass



LEAN upon the pasture bars, and watch the swaying grasses

So lightly flit the shadows, as o'er a mimic sea:

LD MCARDEN

The sweet wind fans the clover tops, and lingers ere it passes

To leave a kiss of far salt spray upon this inland lea.

The thickly standing spears are bowed, the flowers dip and sparkle,

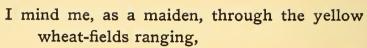
And tender tiny ripples cross the green and sunny space;

And here the sun is hidden, and there the cloudlets darkle,

And swift across the lowland field, the summer breezes chase.

I mind me as a little child I watched the oatgrass changing

From emerald to gold beneath the love-looks of the sun.



And, as a matron, wandering through meadows sere and dun.

And, evermore, the witchery of wind and wave would mingle

When merrily the winds were out and o'er the land they swept;

And evermore, my pulses throbbed and thrilled, when dell and dingle,

Went rippling like a cradle rocked, until they smiled and slept.

Vespers

HE eager day of strenuous toil is waning;

Take breath and rest beneath the ancient tree,

That lived and sheltered love and life's complaining

Long ere this busy world had room for thee.

In those wide boughs, were nests and birds and sweetness

Of mother-hearts that held the fledgelings dear,

In those great crypts, amid the summer's fleetness,

Were songs and wings in many a vanished year.

Yet here we sit, while deep the twilight hushes, And list the silvern vespers of the birds;

The robin flutes; the faint rose, lingering, flushes

The silent sky; we set the songs to words.

What speech have we to link with thoughts so holy

As those that sphere the music of the thrush? We may but kneel, and offer, bending lowly, Our praise to Him Who dwelt within the bush.

Oh, Father, for the day of strife and passion We ask Thy pardon and Thy pitying grace. We can but give Thee praise in childish fashion, Thee, before Whom the angels veil the face.

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Oh, Father, we Thy children fain would bring
Thee

Our evening hymn, as wordless as the notes The wrens and robins and sweet orioles sing Thee,

Their love outpoured from little thoughtless throats.

They take and thank Thee. We, oh! gracious Father,

We take and do not thank. Forgive us, Thou, Who dost at night Thy least and greatest gather

Into safe arms of peace; so bless us now.

The Little Green Umbrellas

NFURL your green umbrellas,
Ye need not fear the storm
Dear trees that shelter 'neath
your shade
So many a clinging form.

FIELD CARDEN

The squirrel and the robin,
The cricket and the moth,
All sorts of living folk ye shield
When Nature waxeth wroth.

The silken green umbrellas,

They lap so close and fine

They make a refuge from the rain

Where'er your boughs entwine.

On oaks and elms and maples

Comes pelting down the storm.

They spread their green umbrellas wide

And keep the tree-folk warm.

Honey Bees

HEN any trouble came to them at

Deacon Spenser's place,

They went and told it to the bees;

the illness, sorrow, death;

I think the queen bee listened, and the workers of her race,

Though nothing can they tell to us who have but mortal breath.

All day the bees, the toiling bees, make honey in the cell,

What can they care for us, whose toil brings nothing half so sweet?

And yet, at Deacon Spenser's place, if there was grief to tell,

One went and told it to the bees with heavy dragging feet.

And once, when he was nigh to death, his daughter told the hive,

They watched beside him through the night, and when the tide came in,

It brought him back to strength again; the dying was alive,

And some one went and told the bees; they seemed so near akin.

The bees made never answer, but when the old man next

Sat in his arm-chair on the porch, they swarmed to wish him cheer;

They crawled upon his thin white hands, they crept about him, vext

Alone, if any tried to send them from their friend so dear.

Jack in the Pulpit

ELD ** CARDEN

ROM your sylvan pulpit,

With its sounding board

Arching well above your head,

You bid us praise the Lord.

The wee folk throng around you,
And troops of tiny elves
Beneath your solemn shadow
Are fain to hide themselves.

And you for church and chapel
Have formed a grassy sward,
Where store of sunshine golden
Through glinting leaves is poured.

From your arching pulpit
You give us wisdom's hoard
Of silent maxims, blending
In one ecstatic chord.

And evermore I hear you

Beneath the sounding board
In dulcet accents murmur,

"Children, praise the Lord!"

By the Spring

A mountain spring, a tiny thread of coolness, And lo! beside it see the living green. So, planted by the waters, may they flourish Whose inner life is fed by springs unseen.

Palms

Bare desert and hot sands and drowsy calms, Lo! an oasis, rich with feathery palms; Somewhere a well must keep a fount of health, To give this desert place such gracious wealth.

Frost on the Pane

HILE the children were dreaming, a painter

Wrought castles and peaks on the pane.

Here are bridges and towers and turrets,
And wonderful knights in a train.
The name of the painter is funny;
His face from our memory lost,
We still keep his name; and no money
Will buy the white work of Jack Frost.

The Boy and the Brook

To fish in, chiefly, says the boy
Who waits beside the rippling brook;
A baffling trout, he sees, with joy
Accept his baited hook.

The Days of a Tree

O many days, so many months and years,

Since first the little stem pierced through the sod,

Since first on slender branch were tremulous tears

Of crystal dews, since, climbing up to God
The trunk grew stronger, and the great boughs
bent

To storms that swept from out the Northern deeps;

So many days, the tree hath dwelt content Beneath the eye that slumbers not nor sleeps.

The endless generations of the birds

Have homed among these myriad rustling
leaves;

And countless secrets—tenderer than words—
Told to the robin as her nest she weaves,
The tree has heard, and kept inviolate;

The love notes thrilling in that rugged breast,

Inscrutable and answerless as fate,
A haven, and a harbor, and a rest.

Swift darting like an arrow from the bow

The squirrel leaps and glances through the
shade

Of overlapping green, and to and fro
Within its arc, have timid creatures strayed;
Rabbit and hare, and wood-folk shy and small;
So many a house beside the great tree's door,
And One who sees if but a sparrow fall,
Beholds their little span for evermore.

Vast swirls of tempest have engulfed the tree, And mighty blasts of stern and gloomy cold; White sweeps of anger from the northern sea, And banners of the hurricane unrolled,



Have rocked and caught it in their giant grasp.

The torrent and the flood have drenched its limbs;

Winter hath bound it in an icy clasp,

And stars above it sang their ceaseless
hymns.

A wondrous symphony of wind and sun,
A wondrous melody of stars and space,
Forever through the circling groves have run,
The tree a cloister in a sacred place.
Hushed days of ecstasy have been its own,
Long days of summer when the stirless air
Has bound it drowsy in a golden zone,
Dreaming sweet dreams amid an ether rare.

But dearest of all days I think have been
The coy reluctant hours of waking spring,
Foretelling of the life that soon should bring
Renewal of the leaf, of song and wing;
Of sap quick melting at the old tree's core,
Of pregnant motions, indistinct and sweet;
Dear days of spring, that link on wave and
shore

The wedded hands of Nature's frost and heat.



Oh, days most beautiful, days ever bright,
Oh, days most glorious, sunsets amber
clear;

Oh, marvellous mystery of the shrouding night,

The circuit of the never-pausing year;

We come and go; like shadows pass away;

The birth, the pilgrimage, the grave are ours,

So swift and brief our evanescent day, So soon are poured and spent our waning powers.

While centuries behold the ancient tree

That grows not old, its youth from age to
age

Reborn, by some exhaustless alchemy;
Its new leaves turning on an unworn page.

Behold! the Lord hath said, that as the days Of some great tree, His people's time should be:

So, lift we up our song of ceaseless praise, And chord it with the anthems of the tree.



Mignonette

O one as fair as Ruth who stood

Among the yellow corn,

To one, as Esther, brave and good,

I send my love this morn.

And with my love, I choose for her
A posy as an amulet;
Dear, take from me, thy worshipper,
This bunch of mignonette.

Forget-Me-Nots

They've borrowed their blue from the ether above,

But 'twas earth that endowed them with meanings of love.

And few of us know not some beautiful spot Where a flower looks up, crying, "Forget-menot."

Harvest

UT yesterday the standing grain
Was yellow in the noontide's
ray,

The splendor of the waving plain, Is level with the fields to-day, And shorn away.

Yet, finer is the ripened sheaf
And richer is the girdled shock,
Than utmost wealth of ribboned leaf,
Than golden blades the wind that mock
And shine and rock.

Cut down and prone, the bearded wheat Shall be the hungry nations' bread; At Nature's board the world shall eat, Provision by her goodness spread, All shall be fed.

Unharvested, the yellow grain
Were but as withering fairy gold,
By sharpest stroke and smiting pain,
Alone its story hath been told,
From ages old.

A Haunted House

O you remember it, George and Ned,
Arthur, and Graham, and John,
The tumble-down house and the
mouldering shed,

And the green and mossy stone?

The rooms where the bats go scurrying through,

And starveling rats abide;
The haunted house, like a worn-out shoe
Thrown off by the highway side?

Fearsome and dim when the twilight fell, And full of the eeriest sounds;

Though it stand in the midst of a dimpling dell,

In the heart of fallow grounds.

And the thing that haunted it most for me Was the wraith of a garden fair,

Once that was homely and quaint and free, And ghostlike that lingered there. LYFICS - LCV E

The tattered fringe of a faithful vine

That clung to the tumbling roof;

A wan white rose, that seemed to pine

And wane in its place aloof

From the train of the roses that came with

June;

In the June of a long gone year, In the happy hope of a joyous time, One planted this white rose here.

Do you ever see in the twilight gray
The little maid who stands
Just at the bend in the hillside way
With flowers in her dimpled hands?
She has hair in a braid to her apron's hem,
And her small white feet are bare,
A flower herself on a slender stem,
In the sweet of the mountain air.

Have you had a glimpse through the open door,
The door that is never barred,
Of the baby playing about the floor,
And the older child on guard?

FIELD CARDEN

Of the mother who sits by the window? see
Her thread as she sits and sews,
It is all as plain as plain can be,
And sweet as the heart of the rose.

The haunted house, no fearsome place
Is this in the mountain land;
For the home that it was, with its olden grace,
Hath never by wrath been banned.
'Twas a home of faith, a home of love,
A simple and lowly nest,
And over it yet, there broods above
The blessing of by-gone rest.

Four O'Clocks

Out of fashion, yet who cares?

Once upon a time,

Four o'clock and prince's feather

Merrily hobnobbed together,

Had no fear of wind or weather,

Once upon a time.

A Wee Bit Maid

WENTY times a day she calls me From the hammock, from the swing,

From the garden where her pansies Fragrant odors fling.

Come and see the new bud blooming, Come and see the big brown bee; Little maiden, always bidding Folk to come and see.

Give her, Lord, the open vision,
Give her insight as she looks
In this world so full of fancies
At Thy heavenly books.

Gentian

Worth waiting for through summer heat,
This princess of the river's brink;
We hold her by the gentle hand,
And of the autumn vintage drink.

Southernwood

Still, when I pick these fragrant stalks, A phantom form before me walks; My stately ancestress comes back, To haunt this spicy garden's track.

In the Gloaming

O long with anxious heart and mind,

So long with care and grief I've dwelt,

So many a baffling quest I find, So often wearily I've knelt, That in the gloaming of the year, I scarce can pray without a tear.

The light grows dim, and not a star Glows in the heaven that seems so far, Thick veiling clouds are gathering, The tempest broods with baleful wing; Is all life's hue to be as gray And sombre as this wane of day?

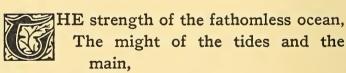
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Nay, heart, look up, nor lose thy hope,
Some day the heavenly gates shall ope;
Some day shall meet thee full of cheer;
Some dawn foretell the endless year,

Where evermore in light they stand

Who dwell for aye at God's right hand.

By the Ocean



The forces that only Jehovah
With mete and with bound may restrain:
So broad, this highway of the nations,
That leadeth from land unto land;
So many the drops in this ocean,
God measures them out of His hand.

The Lord when He hollowed the valleys
To make them a bowl for the sea,
Set over it man in His image,
And sent him its sovereign to be.

By the salt of its spray it gives healing,
By the joy of its strife, it gives peace;
From the petty, the vain, and the sordid,
Its passionate life gives release.

Gennesaret

MARVEL, Lord, hast Thou forgot
Those old, old days, anear the lake,
When Thou to feed the famishing
The little loaves didst break?

That surging throng who saw Thy face,
Those crowds who ate that heavenly bread,
Who sat before Thee on the plain,
And by Thy own dear hands were fed.

I marvel, Lord, have they forgot,
In all the ages that have passed,
How Christ Himself their hunger saw,
And gave them blessing after fast.

But more, far more, I marvel why
I, who am faint of heart this hour,
Should doubt thy perfect willingness,
Should dare to doubt Thy grace and power.

My little crust shall, touched by Thee,
Be loaf of finest of the wheat.
My dwindling store, the miracle
Of the old manna shall repeat.

The Sermon of the Rock

N the cool shadow of the rock, within a lonely land,

I, who have journeyed far to-day, now rest my burning feet,

The rock that centuries ago, Jehovah built to stand

Forever as the symbol of His strength, unworn, complete.

The rock rebukes my little faith; I hear it preach of One

As steadfast as the stars He lit, as gentle as the bird

FIELD GARDEN

That has its nest in yonder cleft; as radiant as the sun,

And yet, and yet, by human need and human weakness stirred.

Nature's Word

If Nature have a word for thee,
'Tis this, be brave; 'tis this, be strong,
Let all thy heart be full of cheer,
And fill the measure of the year
With thrill of happy song.

When the Tide Comes In

Flood of joy and gladness when the tide comes in,

Hurry of the waters to hide the barren waste; Blessed stir and onward rush, yet neither noise nor din;

Only love and fullest peace in that kingly haste.

The Buckwheat's Bloom

LYRICS & LOVE

HITE in the glow of the August morn, it wafts its perfume, where
The honey bees are winging slow, looters in search of spoil,

Waves of its pure aroma break on the heavy and languid air,

The breeze stoops low to kiss it, fair child of love and toil.

To the hem of its dainty broidered robe, a princess here it stands,

Snowy and strong and splendid, and far as eye can see,

Its beautiful swaying sceptre covers the rolling lands

With the wealth of a bloom uncounted, that summer holds in fee.

In the long, late August afternoon when the slopes are asleep with heat,

And the shadow moth in the orchard boughs flits like a beam of the moon;

When the thunder-heads loom large and black and the great cold raindrops beat Clear in the face of the drowsy earth to waken it from a swoon,

The buckwheat bends to the sudden storm, that sweeps but cannot rend;

It tosses and bows in the wild wind's rage, but of sturdy fibre knit,

It lifts when the sun comes forth again, the sun with the face of a friend,

And the shine and the shade they both are made for the sweet in the heart of it.

In an Old Clearing

Since the settler's axe swung here,
And a woman watched with a homesick face,

The alien forests clear.

She saw, not giant growths which hid

A prowling, savage horde,

But straight, tall timber, flower-thrid,

A garden of the Lord.

Rocking the cradle with her foot
And hushing her babe to sleep,
She could clench her toil-worn hand, and put
Aside that anguish deep

Which tore at her breath, and stabbed her soul,

And made the fierce tears start.

For there never was new land, root or bole,

Cleared yet, that woman's heart

Brake not beneath the lonely strain;
Behold, in that graveyard's space,
How deep they sleep, who died of their pain,
The mothers of the race.

Shelter Island

Flying before a racing gale,
That feathers the billows and puffs the sail,
We round the point and skirt the shore,
And laugh at the cry of "Home once more!"
How far it streams, how golden bright
That steadfast Shelter Island light.



A Brier-Rose

HE old man sits in the dusty room

Where the money makers meet,

His youth was lost in that murk and

gloom,

His heart in that heartless street.

You scarce would dream that, a barefoot boy
In the midst of the long gone by,
He made friends with joy, nor found her coy
Under an April sky.

You would never think that hidden away
Behind his thrice-barred door,
Was the faded rose of a rose-red day,
That should dawn for him no more.

But, a little child with a fearless face
Comes tiptoeing into his den,
And leaves a wilding rose in the place,
And, a man like other men,



The grim and silent financier

Looks at the brier-rose,

And God sees 'tis with a smile and a tear,

And why it is so, God knows.

An Exotic

OME gray seafarer brought the seed, Some random sower dropped it here;

In its old home a vagrant weed,

That knew not thought of shame or fear,
But held its own in stubborn strife,
In temper brave, in vigor rife;

This wayward lady masquerades
As if of lineage proud and high;
Her moods are flitting as the shades
That float across the morning sky.
And "poor relation" she would deem
The plant whence came her primal stream.

FIELD GARDEN

Appledore

HEN I remember Appledore,
So many sweet thoughts mingle
Of rare blue sky and long white
shore

And waves that cream the shingle.

I swift forget the years that write Their pensive records for me; I stand again in crystal light That pours effulgence o'er me.

And chief in golden memory stands
A woman tall and queenly,
With flowers that fill her gracious hands,
And eyes that smile serenely.

True eyes, strong hands, a gallant form,
Bred up anear the water,
Unfearing she of gust and storm,
No landsman's timid daughter,

UTILES TO VE

But princess of the wave and shore;
A host of flowers around her;
As I remember Appledore,
Its radiant flowers crowned her.

Dear poet of the changeful days
That coast and bay commingle;
Sweet woman of the loving ways,
By many a lonely dingle,

And many an inland farm, they tell
Your lovely fancies over,
Where tosses June, o'er moor and fell
The spindrift of the clover.

A silver arrow in your hair,
Your gown of silver, graying
To ash of pearls, you're standing there
Amid the breakers playing.

In surf upon the patient shore,
The salt spray flings about you,
I care no more for Appledore,
What would it be without you?

After All

Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall.
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world, after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double.
The brave outrank the cowards, and the leal are
like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old earth remains a bright

And somehow this old earth remains a bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep
our hearts in thrall;



There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is a good
world, after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith, through
fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good
world, after all.

The River of Life

HEN we sit on the shore of the river

of life,
When we walk by the crystal sea,
When anger and passion, sin and strife
Are ended eternally,



When pure of the stain we've gathered here, And washed and white we stand, Where never again shall be pain or fear In the peace of the promised land,

Shall we quite forget the river of death

That gloomed so cold and black,

That stopped our pulses and caught our breath,

From which we could not turn back?

Shall we quite forget our hours of ruth,
Shall the scars of our wounds be there,
When we've put on robes of immortal youth,
And are past the portals of prayer?

We cannot tell, but this we know,

That the river of life will glide

Full-hearted and strong in its ceaseless flow

With freight of love on its tide.



And love unmarred by the sense of self,
Love, like the Master's own,
Love, heavenly pure from dross and pelf,
Shall be then around us thrown.

And some whom we missed on the earthly way,
Some lost and mourned will come
To give us greeting and cheer the day
Of the ageless, deathless home.

Oh, river of death, since by your waves
The river of life we'll gain,
The farther shore your dark tide laves
Is the home for which we are fain.

Oh, river of life, so clear and strong,
Whence all our streams are fed;
By your fadeless bank we shall lift a song,
When the death we dreaded, is dead.

The Endless Procession

OREVER and ever the train goes by,

The train of the marching years,

Sunshine and starbeam and cloud in
the sky,

And under them smiles and tears.

Never to pause, but on and on,

The grave years pass along,

With their battles lost and their victories won,

And their mighty motley throng.

Hazy and dim are the yesterdays,
And ever beyond our grasp.

Not the skirt of the latest that trod our ways
Can our utmost effort clasp.

Hazy and dim to-morrows stretch
In an endless winding chain,
But we know not what their hands shall fetch
Of wealth, or joy, or pain.

We stand on the place To-day has given,
To make or to mar our lot;
We may fill it up to the brim with heaven,
Or blur it with stain and blot.

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Bravely may toil for the good and true,
Earnestly strive and pray,
But the good or the ill we all may do,
Must be done in the span of To-day.

The new year dawns and the old year dies,
It is all in the space of a breath;
As silent as flake that downward flies,
For thus our Father saith.
And babes are born and old men sleep,
And wars and tumults rage,
We sow in the spring and in autumn reap,
And spend our pilgrimage.

And love, it lightens the darkest hour,

It sweetens the bitterest cup,

And for want and weakness is God's own dower

Of strength if they but look up.

So cheer thee, heart, and bear thy part

Wherever the need may be.

Trust thou in God, and where'er thou art,

His grace shall guerdon thee.

FIELD GARDEN

Steadily, endlessly, one by one,
The years go marching past;
For each shall come, and one by one,
The year that shall be the last,
But over the great time-bridge we'll tread
To the house of the Lord Most High,
Where death our foe is forever dead,
And life abides for aye.

The World of Books

HEN garden toil is wearisome, and weeds their battles wage,
I sometimes leave the wide outdoors, and seek with bard and sage,

A little sheltered nook within, where waits good company,

And many friends with cordial looks give greeting unto me.

There are who find their happiness in strolling near and far,

As if perchance their birth had been beneath some errant star;

L/FICSOIL VI

- The trackless desert beckons them, they scale the mountain peak,
- And ever just beyond them see some gladness coy to seek.
- For me, I sit beside my fire, and with benignant looks
- From dear familiar shelves they smile, my pleasant friends, the books.
- A world of good society, these well-beloved ones wait
- For any mood, for any hour; they keep a courteous state,
- Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles of my day,
- They are the bread my spirit craves, they bless my toiling way.
- A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, as battles wax and wane,
- There rolls the sound of triumph, and there dwells surcease of pain,
- On pages sparkling as the dawn forever breathes and glows,
- Through ages red with patriot blood, white freedom's stainless rose.

FIELD** CARDEN

- In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet the martyr's palm,
- There float to it dear melodies from coasts of heavenly balm;
 - All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all bloom of wisdom lives,
 - And be the day's need what it may, some boon this fair world gives.
 - The freedom of the city where one walks in crowds, alone,
 - The silence of the upland, where one climbs anear the throne,
 - The blitheness of the morning, and the solemn hush of night,
 - Are in this pleasant world of books, for one who reads aright.
 - Here, pure and sharp the pictured spire its cleaving point uplifts,
 - There, swept by stormy winds of fate, time's sands are tossed in drifts,
 - And I who sit beside the fire am heir of time and sense,
 - My book to me, the angel of God's sleepless providence.

Who will may choose to wander far across the

Who will, may choose to wander far across the sea and land,

For me the table and the lamp extend a friendlier hand;

And I am blessed beyond compare while with benignant looks

From home's familiar shelves they smile, my pleasant world of books.

At Last

E shall meet, when the long day is ended,

And the sun has gone down in the West,

In the home where the kindred have gathered, With the One we love best.

We shall know, when the struggle is over,
And our eyes are close folded in sleep,
The reasons, our dear Lord keeps secret,
We shall smile, we who weep.

FIELD***GARDEN

We shall wear, not the garments of travel,
The robes that were stained at our toil,
But white shimmering stuff that the angels
Have winnowed from soil.

We shall hear, not the clangor of battle,
But hymns of rejoicing and love,
When we sit at the board with the Master,
In the mansions above.

We shall fly, we who grope and who stumble, Unhindered from star-coast to star; Once our wings have been given, with freedom Which flesh with its bonds cannot mar.

We shall meet, oh! the bliss after parting,
We shall sing, oh! the sweet after rue,
We shall love, oh! the love without ending,
We shall know, oh! the love that is true.

We shall rally, who here were far scattered, And each of the tribe and the clan Shall be close to the heart of the Captain, Shall have comfort of God and of Man. We shall find in the heavenly mansions

Dear friends whom we missed by the way.

We shall knit up the threads that were broken,

In our work or our play.

We shall see how the infinite Father
Discerned what was wisest for each.
And the praise for His grace shall be fervent,
In song and in speech.

We shall meet, when the earth day is over, And the sun hath gone down in the West. We shall stay in the house of the kindred, With the One we love best.



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